

22nd. — Conversations  
 at Hotel.  
 — Councils all day.  
 24th. — Soldiers'  
 25th. — 11 a.m., Houses  
 and 7 p.m., Dominion  
 the Cross," at night.  
 26th. — City Hall,  
 " "  
 27th. — City Hall. Welc  
 29th. — Welcome  
 30th. — Opera House,  
 31st. — 3 p.m., Methodist  
 7 p.m., "Shadows."  
 — Officers' Councils  
 hospital, afternoon.  
 night in City Hall.  
 — Councils, morn  
 — Welcome Meeting,  
 — Opera House  
 at night.  
 31st. — Opera House,  
 1st. A. Morris will  
 and Mrs. Coombs.

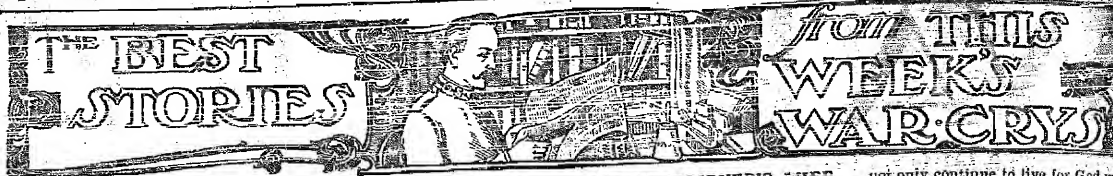
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

Price 12 Cents.



- 1—The Commissioner at time of conversion. 2—Lieut. Coombs, first appointment, age nineteen. 3—As he appeared when he opened his first corps in Lancashire. 4—At the age of twenty-one. 5—Capt. Coombs. 6—Lieut of Christian Mission days. 7—Major Coombs, S. Wales' D. O. 8—Commissioner of Canadian Forces, 1894-98. 9—Commissioner of Australian Forces, 1898-99. 10—When Commissioner of British Forces, 1895-1904.



**"IN THE NICK OF TIME."****They Stopped Him from Going on the "Bust."**

Two Australian officers, whilst Self-Denial collecting, came to a lonely farmhouse, some miles distant from any other place. They were driving in a buggy, and stopped by the roadside to consider whether it was worth while calling. The house was a miserable looking place, and no one could be seen about but an old man in his working clothes. There seemed to be no prospect of adding to the amount already in the book, but the officers thought it a pity to pass without calling.

The old man received them somewhat suspiciously at first, but when he heard they were Salvation Army officers, a magical change came over him.

"Come in, come in!" he cried warmly. "It is four or five years since I've seen a preacher of any kind. I was just a-wishin' I could see somebody of your sort. I've got suthink a-roun' me, and I can't tell wot's up. There's suthink in 'ere," he said, tapping his chest, "that's a-nushin' me. I feel like-like goin' on the bust, but I don't want to do that. I ain't touched a glass for three year."

"That's good," said the Lieutenant. "Yes, three year ago I give it up, and I've kept it ever since. I shouldn't care to break it now, after all that time; but since this 'ere uncomfortable, dissatisfied feelin' took hold of me, suthink's been sayin' all the time, 'Yoke up the hoss, now, and go right into the township and 'ave a good bust up.' I don't want to do that, though, 'cos I feel it's suthink far better than that wot I wants. I want suthink good now. I've ad onuf of bad ways in my lifetime."

The officers saw at once what was the matter. The Holy Spirit had been at work. The man's soul was longing after God.

The explanation gave him great satisfaction.

"But," said he, "wot's this 'ere tellin' me to go on the bust? That ain't from God, surely?"

"No," said the Lieutenant, "that's the devil. He knows if you go 'on the bust' you won't trouble to think about God, and then your soul will be lost."

"Ha!" said the old man, "that's wot it is! Then I've done wot you say. He shan't push me no more. I'm goin' to pray to my God. You chaps has led here jest in the nick of time. I couldn't have held out much longer."

Two hours the officers stayed with him, and when they left he was rejoicing in a glad salvation.

He was much better off than he

appeared to be, and gave them a pound for Self-Denial, as well as some farm produce, telling them if ever they came that way again to give him a cent, and they would always receive something from him—they or any other Salvationist.

It was ascertained later that this man has been a happy Christian ever since, and instead of going "on the bust," he yokes up the horse into the buggy and drives to the nearest township where the Army has a corps and attends the meetings there on a Sunday, always willing to say a word for God.—Australian War Cry.

**FORTIFIED WITH WINE.****The Devil Made an Effort to Keep Him, but Failed.**

The Sergeant-Major of the Wellington corps, South Africa, was one of the earliest converts in the country. His conversion came about in this way:

The Salvation Army officers happened to pass the shop where he was working shortly after their advent to the town, and their appearance aroused considerable curiosity as to who they were and what they represented. None of the local people knew anything about the Army, but one or two of the Englishmen in the shop had seen it in England, and gave their mates some more or less truthful accounts of its proceedings. Getchick, our now Sergeant-Major, determined he would go and see for himself, and that night he attended the meeting, after fortifying himself against any evil effects by a considerable allowance of wine. The upshot was that at the close he found himself at the penitent form with four others.

The devil, however, was determined not to let him go without an endeavor to keep such a whole-hearted servant of evil as he at that time was, and subtly suggested to his mind the following day that he had been drunk the previous night when he went to the penitent form, and that God did not have anything to do with drunken people. There being no one at hand to counsel him aright, he was carried away by this and gave up, a little while after, however, he again attended a meeting, taking particular care that he was sober on this occasion, and once more sought salvation, and definitely found it. To his very great joy he saw, when he rose from his knees, that his wife was also among the converts rejoicing around him. This was twenty-two years ago, and there has been no turning back since that for either.—South African War Cry.

**THE UNBELIEVER'S WIFE.****Dramatic Story from Glasgow.**

A well-educated, superior-looking young-man was attracted by the open-air work of the Army in connection with Glasgow City Hall.

He seemed much impressed, and when spoken to he said he wished he was dead, as anything would be better than his present existence.

Having been prevailed upon to go to the hall, he there knelt and found salvation, after which he told a very sad story.

He had been for years an atheist, and was in the habit of lecturing in public places. He had lost his situation through drink, and, thoroughly ashamed of himself, and left home that night determined to end his life.

On the table he had left a letter to his young wife bidding her farewell and saying she would find his body in the Clyde at eight o'clock.

At first he was ashamed to go home, and said he would walk about till the next meeting; but one of the handmen took him home and found things precisely as had been planned.

The letter was handed to him by the wife, who was much distressed.

The husband said, "Wife, I am a new man," and together they knelt to pray.

The man has since taken his stand in the open-air, and said on Sunday that that was his happiest day of his life.—Social Gazette.

**NATIVES AND MAGIC.****A Wonderful Work at Johannesburg.**

The following report of Salvation work among the natives of South Africa contains some facts that are both amusing and instructive:

Our Central Hall on the Rand is situated close to the Compound of the Salisbury and Jubilee Gold Mines, and meetings are regularly conducted amongst the natives employed there. For instance, every Sunday night a salvation lantern service is held in the compound itself, and the natives, most of whom belong to the Mashan-gon tribe, attend in large numbers.

These people had never seen a magic-lantern before, and their excitement when the pictures were thrown on the screen threatened at first to upset the meeting. Several of the natives working in the mines named have been converted, and recently eight of them were sworn-in as soldiers.

It is thus evident that the natives are able to influence on the Rand

not only continue to live for God when they return to their heathen villages, but also tell their fellow-tribesmen what they were taught to believe and do at the Army.—British War Cry.

**"WONDERFUL! GLORY!"****How Mrs. Brigadier Pebbles was Healed.**

The following remarkable story of faith-healing is written by Brigadier Pebbles, of the United States:

"I am pleased to tell you that Mrs. Pebbles is a new woman. The Lord has given her a healing touch that has made us all wonder. Our comrades have prayed for her so sincerely, and the Lord has heard their prayers and raised her up."

"You see, she was going fast. She had what they called 'a mixed infection,' that is, two kinds of bacilli. Her temperature ranged between 102 and 104 every day. She had turned against all food, and frequently vomited up the little she took. She could only sleep on her back, and frequently had to sit up in bed and sleep. She slept in a tent at night and lay in a hammock on the porch by day. She could barely lean on me and walk from the tent to the porch."

"The doctor said he had no more remedies he could try on her. I consulted a second doctor, and he said would just have to patiently wait for the end."

"In our extremity we obeyed the word of God given us in James 1, 14, 15. That was on July 27th. The next day she had no fever, the diarrhoea stopped and she began to eat and to gain strength. We used no more medicine."

"She did a washing yesterday (Aug. 24th) and ironed it day without any difficulty. She has walked two or three miles at a stretch easily, and is gaining strength hourly. She has a little cough yet, but faith shall conquer all, and she will soon be 'every whit whole.'"

"Our unwary neighbors look at her and exclaim, 'Wonderful! Glory be to God!'"

"Mrs. Major Willis is here to-day and she says, 'Mrs. Pebbles does not look as though she had been sick at all.'"

"Previous to Mrs. Pebbles being healed we had sent for her mother, in order that one of her relatives might be near her. Now Mrs. Pebbles is going to remain here with her mother for the present, and I go back to my work the first of September."

We do indeed rejoice with the Brigadier in the wonderful restoration of dear Mrs. Pebbles. May she be spared to her family and the war for many years to come!—American War Cry.

We gladly welcome this dear, brave soldier.

**Our Erstwhile Leader, Miss Booth.**

It was my privilege to spend a few days during my recent visit to New York, with our erstwhile leader, Miss Booth.

I found her very much improved in health after her recent serious and painful illness, but still very frail.

Miss Booth made many loving enquiries about her old friends in the Land of the Maple, and showed deep interest in the progress of the Salvation War in her old command, where her name is still honored and her work lovingly remembered. Miss Booth expressed her pleasure in joining our Praying League, and I am sure our constituency will gladly welcome her, and while she remembers the many needs of our country in prayer we shall continually uphold her and her great command before the One Great Healer and Answerer of Prayer.

**The Praying League.**

Prayer Topic: Pray that in the last days of the Holiness Campaign a mighty climax of blessing may be given.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—Aim High.—Col. III. 1-17.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Speak With Grace.—Col. III. 18-23; I. 1-18.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Soldiers' Standard.—1 Thess. 1: 1-10; II. 4: 1-10.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—Till Jesus Comes.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—Good Officers.—I Thess. V. 1-25.

Friday, Nov. 16.—Day of Revelation.—2 Thess. 1: 1-10.

Saturday, Nov. 17.—Paul's Prayers.—2 Thess. II. 16-17; III. 1-10.

**IMPORTANT NOTES.**

At the 24th Anniversary.

The Praying League was not over-

looked at the councils. A large poster in the Council Chamber reminded all of their obligation to "join to-day, do not delay."

The Commissioner emphasized the importance of all officers, soldiers, and friends uniting definitely with the League.

Circulars were distributed and we shall expect some results from the efforts put forth to give the League prominence during the Congress. It is our dear Commissioner's desire that the League may be greatly increased in membership and power in this second year upon which we now enter.

**Have a Time to Pray.**

We have never requested our Praying Leaguers to set apart a universal hour, thinking we might mention a time inconvenient to many.

As is well known, 10:30 p.m. is the Salvation Army's worldwide hour of prayer. We would like at this stage of the history of our League to suggest that our members remember the special topic given for the weekly prayer

at this hour, or between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening. In addition to the regular prayer to which each one is pledged this union of thought and supplication will be of untold blessing to the individual and to the kingdom of God.

**This Column of Notes.**

Many little notes have found their way during the past year to the Secretary of this department. Little messages telling of the blessings received by the readers of this column. These are very encouraging, and we pray that the usefulness of the column may be increased week by week. We quote from one lately received:

"Sister ——— wished to be a member of the Praying League. She has been greatly blessed in reading the notes in the Praying League Column. Perhaps it would be interesting to you to know she is only a poor, hard-working woman who has had to suffer hardships and persecutions because she has taken her stand for God and the Army."

TH



those who m  
er's long ex  
enable him  
after an sixth  
that come p

No.



HERE  
caused  
over  
porta  
than that of w  
How helpless a  
less linked on  
gladly I acknow  
effort I have p  
tion of men,  
at His dear fee  
blessing I may  
follows in any

**A Memorable**

"In answering  
I have been ex  
Christ, I would  
I obtained a lo  
souls of men  
passion for t  
early in m  
career. I rem  
well as it i  
yesterday, ho  
young convert  
put within m  
longing that o  
might have  
peace of soul  
the service of  
myself had;  
there were t  
spoken in the  
given when I  
the penitent  
that memorie  
when God, fo  
sake, pardoned  
that stand out  
minutely. I  
thanked God  
saved me, and  
had been sav  
and second, a  
sion to my f  
the following  
"Oh, that ever  
had this!"  
the beginning  
of men, which  
not only been  
gone on increa  
truth that—

"The eight  
is a sinne

"In answerin  
I have been ex  
Christ, I would  
I obtained a lo  
souls of men  
passion for t  
early in m  
career. I rem  
well as it i  
yesterday, ho  
young convert  
put within m  
longing that o  
might have  
peace of soul  
the service of  
myself had;  
there were t  
spoken in the  
given when I  
the penitent  
that memorie  
when God, fo  
sake, pardoned  
that stand out  
minutely. I  
thanked God  
saved me, and  
had been sav  
and second, a  
sion to my f  
the following  
"Oh, that ever  
had this!"  
the beginning  
of men, which  
not only been  
gone on increa  
truth that—

"The eight  
is a sinne

"In answerin  
I have been ex  
Christ, I would  
I obtained a lo  
souls of men  
passion for t  
early in m  
career. I rem  
well as it i  
yesterday, ho  
young convert  
put within m  
longing that o  
might have  
peace of soul  
the service of  
myself had;  
there were t  
spoken in the  
given when I  
the penitent  
that memorie  
when God, fo  
sake, pardoned  
that stand out  
minutely. I  
thanked God  
saved me, and  
had been sav  
and second, a  
sion to my f  
the following  
"Oh, that ever  
had this!"  
the beginning  
of men, which  
not only been  
gone on increa  
truth that—

"The eight  
is a sinne

**A Great Love.**

This love to  
heart when I  
went, sticking  
sive, and obta  
a loving Savin  
and months  
brought into  
women of God  
to the depths

# THIRTY YEARS OF SOUL WINNING

BY THE COMMISSIONER

WITH LESSONS AND SUGGESTIONS ON SOUL-SAVING BASED ON PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—We herewith publish, with great pleasure, the first of a series of articles from the pen of the Commissioner. Soul-saving work, both as concerns the officer commanding in the field and the private soldier of the ranks, is the theme of the series, which we predict will be read with the keenest interest by all who are concerned in the advancement of God's Kingdom on earth—even those who are not yet rich in human interest. The Commissioner's long experience and world-wide reputation as a successful soul-winner enable him to write with the authority of a master on his subject. He is also an enthusiast for the souls of men. Mr. Cecil Rhodes once remarked that some people made the collecting of old china, and growing orchids

their hobby—his own hobby, he said, was the expansion of the British Empire. The Commissioner's hobby—if we may use so frivolous a word in connection with so divine a subject—is the saving of souls. In the following article he lets us into the secret as to how he got and how he retains this all-consuming passion, and the words are sent forth in the prayerful hope that in the hearts of all Salvationists and Christian workers the fire of love for the souls of men may be made seven times hotter, for if frigid hearts are to be melted into contrition during the coming winter, it must be by human love and the Fire of the Holy Ghost. There is no doubt that these articles will stimulate thought, and if our readers would like further light on any points that may arise they are invited to send their questions to the Editor, which will be dealt with in a concluding article by the Commissioner.

## No. I.—The Passion for Souls—How I Got It and How I Keep It.



**T**HERE is no subject that causes one to feel more overwhelmed by its importance and solemnity than that of winning souls for Christ. How helpless all human power is unless linked on to the divine, and gladly I acknowledged God in every effort I have put forth for the salvation of men, and willingly lay at His dear feet all the glory for any blessing I may have been made to my fellows in any part of the world.

### A Memorable Night.

In answering the question as to how I have been enabled to win souls for Christ, I would say in the first place I obtained a love for the souls of men—nay, a passion for them—very early in my soldier career. I remember so well as if it were only yesterday, how, as a young convert, there was put within me a great longing that other people might have the same peace of soul and joy in the service of God as I myself had; in fact, there were two things spoken in the testimony given when I arose from the penitent form on that memorable night, when God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins, that stand out very prominently. First, I thanked God for having saved me, and wished I had been saved before; and second, gave expression to my feelings in the following words: "Oh, that everybody else had this!" Here was the beginning of that love for the souls of men, which, by God's blessing, has not only been maintained, but has gone on increasing, and I can say with truth that—

"The sight that charms me most  
Is a sinner at the cross."

### A Great Love.

This love for souls was put in my heart when I first knelt at the mercy seat, seeking forgiveness for my own sins, and obtaining it at the hands of a loving Saviour. As the days, weeks, and months went on, and I was brought into contact with men and women of God, my eyes were opened to the depths from which I had been

digged, and the rock from which I had been hewn, and my love for the souls of men increased accordingly.

I had a special baptism for service. At the time, however, I scarcely understood that it was so; in fact, the blessing I received had not really shaped itself up before me as having anything to do with a special equipment for God's work. Hitherto I had only known that I possessed a deep longing for a higher life, a sense of a great lack of power, and a consciousness that I was not wholly on the altar.

The special blessing I refer to took place a few months after my conversion, and after I had been used in

"Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be,  
Wholly Thine for evermore."

### What it Means.

How little one realizes when they take up some small cross for Christ, what following the leadings of His Spirit, and obeying His command may ultimately mean. That Sunday night's obedience cost me much. All I knew and understood up to that time was, as I have already remarked, the consciousness of a great lack, the sense of a real and deep need, the reaching out of my heart after a fuller and more complete surrender, and a longing after

fanned, until I came to be a blazing flame.

It was not long after this that I received the call for officership; and, as a result of that blessed Sunday night, I found within me the ready response to the voice of God, and a willing obedience to the divine call. Obstacles were many, difficulties great; there were hills to climb and rivers to wade through, but that love for the souls of men, that passion for the pulling of them out of the fire, were so strong that they carried me right past every obstacle, and landed me in the great city of London to take up my first appointment as an officer in the ranks of the Salvation Army.

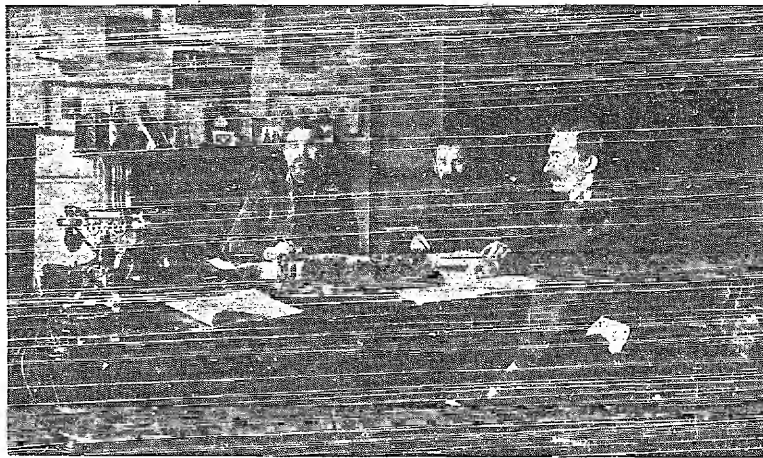
How this love for souls has been maintained is a question I must answer as simply and plainly as I can.

### How to Keep Love.

I have found it most helpful, with the increased wisdom God has given me, to do what I tried to do as a young convert; namely, to realize the awful condition in which men are, the terrible state in which they are living, and try to grasp, so far as my poor mind can, the terrible hell to which they are going. Then I endeavor to get a clear view of the price paid by my Redeemer for the salvation of sinners, to understand the great efforts put forth by the Holy Spirit to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan

to God, to comprehend the marvelous deliverance that awaits them here, and the eternal reward that will be theirs if they only follow Him. With these realizations before me, I have tried to put myself alongside my Lord and Master, and to mingle my tears with His, weeping over the Jerusalem to-day as He went over the Jerusalem in years gone by, and have thus been prepared to lay myself at His feet, and for any service that would help to turn the eyes of men and women towards God.

In all my efforts for the salvation of men I have, as it were, heard His voice saying unto me, "I if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," and I have found that He is, as He has ever been, the attraction for lost souls, as well as their Saviour.



Commissioner Casbys, when British Commissioner, with his Chief and Field Secretaries. (At that time Colonel Kilbey, now Commissioner, was Chief Secretary, and Colonel Hay, now Commissioner, was Field Secretary.)

some small way as a young convert in my corps.

It came about thus: The Chief of the 5th had been holding a day's meetings with us. It was a hard Sunday; so far as visible results were concerned; in fact, no one would surrender to the claims of God from among the crowd of sinners who sat in the packed building and listened to the burning messages he delivered. At last, led by the Spirit, he turned the prayer meeting into a holiness meeting; and I was among the number who went forward for the blessing of Full Salvation. How vividly the whole scene comes before me as I write. I remember repeating on my knees—

purity. The struggle was a severe one. The devil made a great onslaught on me. He appealed to my pride, and attacked me on all points. What would the people say? Was it necessary? Could I not be just as good without? Did I not know some who had gone out to the penitent form before, and were to all appearances none the better for it? It will be the same with you also, and so forth; and yet in that sacred hour, there came the equipment for service, the power to be the man I wanted to be, the backing for that work which was to follow. For God not only cleansed me, not only emptied my heart, but filled it. I have learned in the years which followed that it was then the fire was

...ue to live for God when  
...their heathen villages,  
...their fellow tribesmen  
...re taught to believe and  
...ny.—British War Cry.

...FUL! GLORY!"

...Brigadier Pebbles  
...as Healed.

...ng remarkable story of  
...is written by Brigadier  
...is United States:

...ed to tell you that Mr.  
...new woman. The Lord  
...a healing touch that has  
...victor. Our comrades  
...or her so sincerely, and  
...heard their prayers and

...he was going last. She  
...y called a mixed infection  
...two kinds of bacilli.  
...ure ranged between the  
...dry. She had turned  
...and frequently vomited  
...the look. She could  
...her back, and frequently  
...in bed and sleep. She  
...at night and lay in a  
...the porch by day. She  
...lean on me and walk  
...to the porch.

...said he had no more  
...could try on her. I con-  
...and doctor, and he said  
...ve to patiently wait for

...tremity we obeyed the  
...given us in James v.  
...was on July 25th. The  
...had no fever, the dis-  
...and she began to eat  
...strength. We used no

...washing yesterday (Aug.  
...ed day without any  
...she has walked two or  
...a stretch easily, and is  
...with hourly. She has a  
...et, but faith shall con-  
...she will soon be "every

...d neighbors look at her  
..."Wonderful!" Glory be

...r Willis is here to-day  
...Mrs. Pebbles does not  
...h she had been sick at

...to Mrs. Pebbles being  
...sent for her mother, in  
...of her relatives might  
...Now Mrs. Pebbles is  
...a here with her mother  
...and I go back to me  
...of September."

...d rejoices with the Brig-  
...wonderful restoration of  
...bles. May she be spared  
...and the war for many  
...—American War Cry.

...elcome this dear, brave

...a Leader, Miss Booth:  
...privileges to spend a few  
...my recent visit to New  
...erstwhile leader, Miss

...very much improved in  
...recent serious and  
...but still very frail.  
...made many loving ch-

...her old friends in the  
...ple, and showed deep  
...progress of the Salva-  
...y old command, where  
...still honored and her  
...remembered. Miss

...at her pleasure in join-  
...ing League, and I am  
...lucency will gladly wel-  
...while she remains in  
...of our country in  
...will continuously united  
...not command before the  
...arar and Answerer of



# YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

## A Word to the Young.

One of the most impressive sights in connection with the recent councils at Toronto was when the officers present who had been converted at the age of seventeen or before were asked to stand. Quite eighty per cent. did so, and it was suggested that if the age were raised to twenty nearly all present would have risen. There is no doubt such would have been the case.

To us this is most encouraging, for if youth be the slippery path it is sometimes represented, and there is little doubt that youth has its peculiar temptations and basements—it is evident enough that there are plenty who find that God's grace has been sufficient to keep them in the hour of temptation when young. Do not despair when tried and tempted. His grace will keep you.

Youthful readers you are now in the making and like the seventeen-year-old boy we saw the other day behind the prison bars, you have capacity for good or evil. What are you laying yourself out to be? You are young. You are probably ordinary, but you possess latent powers. Shall they be sanctified or unsanctified? Learn a lesson from the homely yeast. Under the microscope the yeast plant reveals neither grandeur nor beauty. But it makes two products. One of these makes the dough rise, and renders bread light and digestible. It is an insignificant agent, but it can convert the flour of the western prairies into wholesome food. Its other product is alcohol. The yeast germ is original manufacturer of this. Without the yeast germ it would not exist. And when one reflects how many great men have been ruined, how many wise men have been made foolish, how many happy homes have been ruined by drink, he cannot but shudder at the awful possibilities that reside in the microscopic, one-celled yeast plant. Infinitely greater for good or evil are the possibilities in every life.

See that you spend yours rightly. You can only do it with God's help.



A Maori Woman. We have a good Salvation work among the Maoris.



Tibetan Lamas. We have no officers in Tibet.

## Some Peoples of the Earth

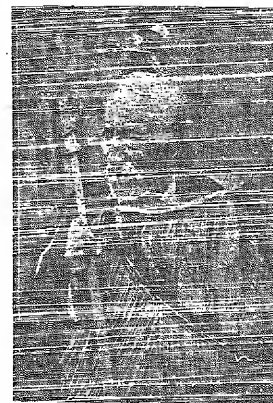
On this page we show types of two nations. Amongst one the Blood-and-Fire flag waves, and numbers of the tribe have been led to Christ—they are the Maoris, the original inhabitants of New Zealand.

Formerly the Maoris were greatly given to cannibalism. The real reason of this revolting practice was the superstitious notion that any one who ate the flesh of another became endowed with all the best qualities of that person. A chief would sometimes eat only the left eye of his enemy, that being supposed to be the seat of his soul. To drink the blood was to imbibe his courage and spirit. The practice must also be regarded as symbolizing a man's final triumph over his enemy.

But Christian civilization has rendered these things of the past.

The Tibetans show us how grateful we should be that we were born in a Christian land, for they are in total darkness concerning our glorious Christ, and pray to a god by means of a wheel. The prayer wheel of Tibet is said to consist of a hollow, cylindrical bag, which revolves round a spindle, one end of which forms the handle. The cylinder is turned by means of a piece of copper attached to a string. A slight twist of the hand makes the cylinder revolve, and each revolution represents one repetition of the prayer, which is written on a scroll kept under the cylinder (sometimes it is engraved outside). The

prayer wheels are of all sizes, from that of a large barrel downwards; but those carried in the hand are generally four or six inches in height by about three inches in diameter, with a handle projecting about four inches below the bottom of the cylinder. They have praying-stones, praying-pyramids, praying-flags, lying over every house, praying-wheels, praying-mills, and the universal prayer, "Om mane padme hum," is never out of their mouths. These four words, among all prayers on earth, form that which is most abundantly recited, written, and printed.



A Maori Man.

## "Work at Yourselves."

A short time ago a very gifted authoress passed away, and a well-known journalist who wrote a personal sketch laid great stress on the fact that she "worked at herself."

This seems to be very significant phrase, and we should like a few short sketches to show our young people, for whom this page specially caters, how some people who have risen to eminence and honor have worked at themselves.

Perhaps there are few more inspiring personalities in history than Demosthenes, the Athenian patriot and orator. He was but sixteen years of age when he heard an orator speak, and realized the great power of eloquence over the minds of men, and straightway set about "working at himself." He was most unpromising raw material, for he had poor health, a weak voice, an impediment in his speech, and very short breath.

His efforts to improve his natural defects of utterance seem almost incredible, and prove that an indomitable perseverance can surmount all things. He stammered to such a degree that he could not pronounce some letters, and he was so short-breathed he could not utter a sentence without stopping. At length overcame these obstacles by putting small pebbles in his mouth and pronouncing verses in that manner without interruption, also shouting and declaiming as he ran up steep places, to give him better breathing powers. He went to the seaside in order that he might overcome a natural timidity by wading the tumultuous waves, and thus fortifying himself against the tumults of public assemblies.

To correct a fault which he had contracted by an ill habit of continually shrugging his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a very narrow pulpit or rostrum, with a sword hanging point down so that if he shrugged he stabbed himself.

His application to study was no less surprising. He shut himself up in a small chamber under ground, shaving on purpose one half of his head and face, that he might not be tempted to drop his studies and go abroad.

He rose very early in the morning and used to say that he was very sorry when any workman was at his business before him.

What was the result of all this? "He carried the art of speaking to the highest degree of perfection of which it is capable."

The enemies of Athens declared that "the eloquence of Demosthenes did them more hurt than all the armies and fleets of the Athenians."

May we not learn a lesson from this man who lived nearly three hundred years before Christ?

He, for the sake of his country, worked thus at himself, should not our young people, especially those who are hoping to become officers, for the sake of Christ and sinful souls work at themselves so as to obtain knowledge to do their life's work.



red-hot reli-  
comrades  
chances of  
before them

Now, as I  
by red-hot  
made hot w  
rades, for  
work, and  
possible to  
or in heaven

I mean he  
love, such  
tail and  
the object  
will make  
of those bel  
denying ma  
experiences  
our Master  
not that we  
loved us."

Mother's L

Look at th  
not make h  
and health

Look at  
it not comp  
on home, f  
and die "r

And so he  
will make h  
and all he  
Lord, and  
and saving

Now, it is  
makes this  
of men an  
lights and  
ambition, s  
the other c  
strengthen  
against God



was very in  
part singl  
means of  
voyagers.

the saloon  
with which  
quarrelled.  
figured co  
cordially v  
gainers to  
best of fee

From Th  
sailed simi  
Sea appear  
the Advent  
wonderful  
is easily a  
On Tues



# CHRIST IN THE PRISON CELL.



The Central Prison, Toronto.

OR some time a very blessed work in connection with Canadian prisoners has been carried on by the Salvation Army, and at the present time there are no fewer than forty cities in the Dominion in which the Salvation Army officers have every facility offered them for conducting Salvation meetings in the prison and engaging in personal interviews with the prisoners.

The methods employed by the Army touch law-breakers at various points. There are the meetings, salvation and social—what is meant by social is much in the nature of a concert—personal interviews, Police Court remand cases, and prisoners on parole.

It was the writer's privilege recently to attend one of the social meetings at the Central Prison, Toronto. Commissioner Combs and some members of his Staff rendered the various items on the program.

Dr. Gilmour, the Warden, led the little company into a large, airy, well-lighted room, at the end of which was a crimson covered dais, a pinnacled organ, and a reading desk. We were in the prison chapel.

Fronting us sat 300 men, closely cropped, clad in garb of alternate blue and brown stripes, well-nourished, and apparently fairly happy. Anyway, the welcome flooded the Salvation Army gave no evidence of restraint or fear.

Dr. Gilmour presided over the meeting. After an opening hymn had been most devoutly sung, and prayer had been offered up and reverently listened to by the prisoners, the worthy War-

den made an excellent little speech. This is its substance: "Boys, I sometimes very often wonder what we should do if the Salvation Army were to withdraw from us entirely. It would make a great gap, would it not? (Vigorous clapping.) I invited Commissioner Combs and Staff to come to-night, and find that the Salvation Army always graciously accepts the invitation. (More clapping.) Sometimes in connection with our other meetings I am obliged to run all over the city to get people to come and talk and sing to us; but I never have to do that with the Salvation Army. Their efforts are often spontaneous, and their visits are always a treat, a pleasure to us. In fact, I think we are getting to look upon the Salvation Army as a part of the Central Prison. (More clapping and laughter.) At any rate, they always have sympathy with the under dog, and we are very glad to have them here to-night." (Loud applause.)

More was said, but the foregoing is sufficient to show the man-to-man, sympathetic style of the Warden's address to the men in stripes before him.

The meeting consisted of vocal and instrumental music and a couple of brief speeches. The items were exceedingly well rendered, and the prisoners frequently called for and obtained an encore. I have never seen a more appreciative audience.

Commissioner Combs sang a lively Salvation ditty to the tune, "My lass is a high-born lady." It went down in rapping style, and afterwards he gave a characteristic speech, and told how that when walking down the street a few days ago a well-dressed man

**This is a Highly Interesting Account of the Salvation Army's Work Amongst Prisoners in the Dominion, and Contains Some Remarkable Examples of What the Grace of God can do for Habitual Criminals and First Offenders.**

touched him on the arm and said, "Don't you know me? I last saw you in the Central Prison." (More laughter.) Then the man told the Commissioner how he had found Christ in the Central, and that he was now earning good wages and trying to serve God. Another man, a few days before, had said almost the same thing to the Commissioner in the Union Depot. When those who desired prayers on their behalf, and to serve God, were asked to stand on their feet, twenty-three did so.

That is the merest outline of the proceedings, but it indicates the trend of that meeting. Salvation services are, of course, still more direct appeals to the soul.

A few days later the writer was introduced to another aspect of Prison Work—personal interviewing.

The Central Prison is a pleasantly-situated and well-kept institution, and the system of iron-barred cells render personal interviews much more convenient than the locked door system in vogue in some other countries.

The first prisoner we visited was a married man with three little children, who would have farred very hardly were it not for the fact that the Salvation Army renders the wife weekly assistance. He was a good tradesman, but in an evil hour had committed a forgery. He had for

eight months, however, been trying to live a Christian life in jail, and his wife had given God her heart also. He assured me that perhaps it was a good thing that he had been imprisoned, or perhaps he would never have thought about God. The man's face positively beamed as the Staff-Captain told him about the children.

Our visit was quite unexpected, and I shall not forget the thrill I experienced as, pressing silently in front of the grated cells, I witnessed a silent figure kneeling at his chair, his head buried in his hands—at prayer.

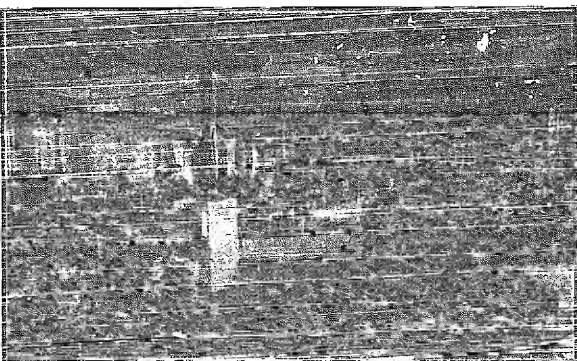
He had given God his heart in the Salvation meeting a short time previously. Who can tell what petition that storm-driven soul was presenting to his Maker—silent and unheard by mortal, but seen and understood by Him who sitteth among the cherubim. (To be continued.)

## IN GOOD FIGHTING TRIM AT WINNIPEG.

God is saving in our midst and all kinds of sinners are coming to the mercy seat.

Our soldiers are in good fighting trim and ready for service on week days as well as Sundays.

Sister Adams has left us for the Training Home. She was a faithful J. S. Sergeant, and we pray she will be a great blessing to all in her future career.



One of the Workshops.

be inspected by the immigration authorities, a proceeding that was carried out with remarkable celerity—the result no doubt of much practice.

### At Quebec.

At half-past seven, after a substantial breakfast, the third-class passengers were debarked, and those who had come out under the auspices of the Salvation Army proceeded to the Army's Immigration Offices, where Staff-Capt. Cuckston, a broad-shouldered, jolly-faced Canadian, representative in gold lace, with rapid hands and ready tongue dispensed documents and cheering words to eager and anxious immigrants who crowded the office counters.

At this office the mysteries of money drafts and railway coupons were elucidated to the inexperienced. Those who had not yet obtained employment or situations were here supplied, and also provided with the means to travel and informed as to the best means of reaching their several destinations. The Salvation Army's Immigration Department struck me as being very efficiently organized; at

any rate, in a remarkably brief space of time, the many and varied wants of all appeared to have been adequately met.

At eight o'clock the engines once more began to throb and the seawater revolved, and soon we were gliding past scenery which was a veritable feast of color, and drew forth profuse expressions of admiration from all who crowded the ship's sides. It was truly magnificent. Such a gorgeous display of autumnal tints I had never witnessed. The great expanses of deepest crimson, russet, and gold of the maple trees, being variegated with the rich, dark green pine trees and later foliage; which, with the quaint white houses whose dark red roofs peeped amid the riot of color that portrayed the rising banks of the river, and the deep purple of the hills beyond made a scene of indescribable beauty. The land was good to look upon.

Quebec is a city with a great past, and to all appearances a greater future. The so-called "Gibraltar of America," is historically more inter-

esting than any other city in America, and it was with acute interest that I surveyed the Plains of Abraham and the precipitous cliffs up which elated the intrepid British soldiers who conquered in the last great fight made by the French for the Empire of America. The capture of Quebec makes a stirring tale, and cost the lives of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. Suitable memorials mark the spot where the heroes fell.

### The St. Lawrence.

The wind blew coldly, but the sun shone brightly as we steamed through the narrow winding channel, which at times brought us almost within a stone's throw of the thickly wooded shore, to Montreal.

Navigation in the St. Lawrence is rather difficult on account of the silt. We passed one large steamship impaled on a rock. In a heavy snowstorm she had got outside the channel and in the shallow water she grounded on a rock, which, when the tide subsided, was forced by the weight of the

great vessel sheer through the massive iron bottom until the great engines were lifted free from their solid foundation. She is said to be unsalvageable. On Monday morning the Kensington moved at Montreal, a city of impressive proportions viewed from the river. The Salvation Army officers were in waiting, and those whose situations and employment lay in and around Montreal were speeded to their journey's end; while others proceeded to Toronto, where Brigadier Howell and his Staff of able assistants were in readiness to solve all problems and render needed assistance.

### At Toronto.

Next evening I met quite a number of the Salvationists in the Army Temple, at the meeting for the reception of the delegates to the Fall Councils. All were comfortably provided with work or situations; all were happy; and all were grateful for the assistance rendered to them by the Salvation Army, when leaving the Old Land, and settling down in the new. God bless them all.

## FROM

The Chicago Tribune. A big soul the young ritory duri

About the joyity from will enter on Saturd month's se

At the meeting a connection Commissioner collected o

Upon the Congress, the next week, is to be open, and on Wednesday

A magn heart of business di the Army po known beautifully give us the very ever occup

In Mobil tee, consist Police, and started a of the We Committee of the Salv ants, in ch the food al gation of a lief. Effect administrator

Acting-C been visiti pose main for the Jo within a st er Street, thorough comfortab ventilated way which to the pres vation at eight mon

The Salv the bunni cotton mil satisfactor this new d work that cotton indu to the o to the mil accomplish gratifying clusively twelve year work in the

It chance late, in my and O'er sinful His lies, h tude.

So hope y and And, sick rest.

Knocked a man of suns And brocc him.

And told to So then he That mine earthy Would dig soil. And blast dynam And if the red g Per ton of Thought t

Subject to And deadl Men toled teily From the "yell Had happ rich



# CHRIST IN THE PRISON CELL.



The Central Prison, Toronto.

**T**OR some time a very blessed work in connection with Canadian prisoners has been carried on by the Salvation Army, and at the present time there are no fewer than forty cities in the Dominion in which the Salvation Army officers have every facility offered them for conducting Salvation meetings in the prison and engaging in personal interviews with the prisoners.

The methods employed by the Army touch law-breakers at various points. There are the meetings, salvation and social—what is meant by social is much in the nature of a concert—personal interviews, Police Court remand cases, and prisoners on parole.

It was the writer's privilege recently to attend one of the social meetings at the Central Prison, Toronto. Commissioner Coombs and some members of his Staff rendered the various items on the program.

Dr. Gilmore, the Warden, led the little company into a large, airy, well-lighted room, at the end of which was a crimson covered dais, a pianoforte, an organ, and a reading desk. We were in the prison chapel.

Fronting us sat 300 men, closely cropped, clad in garb of alternate blue and brown stripes, well-nourished, and apparently fairly happy. Anyway, the welcome afforded the Salvation Army gave no evidence of restraint or fear.

Dr. Gilmore presided over the meeting. After an opening hymn had been most heartily sung, and prayer had been offered up and reverently listened to by the prisoners, the worthy Warden

made an excellent little speech. This is its substance: "Boys, I sometimes very often wonder what we should do if the Salvation Army were to withdraw from us entirely. It would make a great gap, would it not? (Vigorous clapping.) I invited Commissioner Coombs and Staff to come to-night, and find that the Salvation Army always graciously accepts the invitation. (More clapping.) Sometimes in connection with our other meetings I am obliged to run all over the city to get people to come and talk and sing to us; but I never have to do that with the Salvation Army. Their efforts are often spontaneous, and their visits are always a treat, a pleasure to us. In fact, I think we are getting to look upon the Salvation Army as a part of the Central Prison. (More clapping and laughter.) At any rate, they always have sympathy with the under dog, and we are very glad to have them here to-night." (Loud applause.)

More was said, but the foregoing is sufficient to show the man-to-man, sympathetic style of the Warden's address to the men in stripes before him.

The meeting consisted of vocal and instrumental music and a couple of brief speeches. The hymns were exceedingly well rendered, and the prisoners frequently called for and obtained an encore. I have never seen a more appreciative audience.

Commissioner Coombs sang a lively Salvation ditty to the tune, "My Huss is a high-born lady." It went down in ripping style, and afterwards he gave a characteristic speech, and told how that when walking down the street a few days ago a well-dressed man

**This is a Highly Interesting Account of the Salvation Army's Work Amongst Prisoners in the Dominion, and Contains Some Remarkable Examples of What the Grace of God can do for Habitual Criminals and First Offenders.**

touched him on the arm and said, "Don't you know me? I last saw you in the Central Prison." (More laughter.) Then the man told the Commissioner how he had found Christ in the Central, and that he was now earning good wages and trying to serve God. Another man, a few days before, had said almost the same thing to the Commissioner in the Union Depot. When those who desired prayers on their behalf, and to serve God, were asked to stand on their feet, twenty-three did so.

That is the merest outline of the proceedings, but it indicates the trend of that meeting. Salvation services are, of course, still more direct appeals to the soul.

A few days later the writer was introduced to another aspect of Prison Work—personal interviewing.

The Central Prison is a pleasantly-situated and well-kept institution, and the system of iron-barred cells render personal interviews much more convenient than the locked-door system in vogue in some other countries.

The first prisoner we visited was a married man with three little children, who would have fared very hardly were it not for the fact that the Salvation Army renders the wife weekly assistance. He was a good tradesman, but in an evil hour had committed a forgery. He had for

eight months, however, been trying to live a Christian life in jail, and his wife had given God her heart also. He assured me that perhaps it was a good thing that he had been imprisoned, or perhaps he would never have thought about God. The man's face positively beamed as the Staff-Captain told him about the children.

Our visit was quite unexpected, and I shall not forget the thrill I experienced as, passing silently in front of the grated cells, I witnessed a silent figure kneeling at his chair, his head buried in his hands—at prayer.

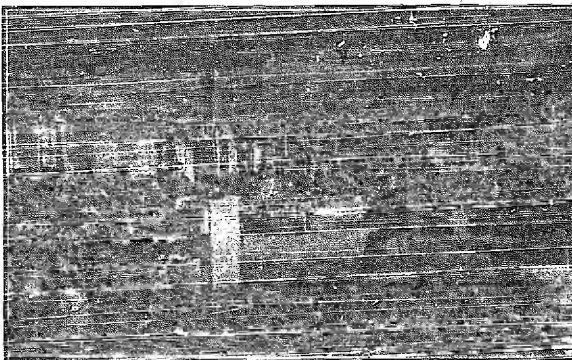
He had given God his heart in the Salvation meeting a short time previously. Who can tell what petition that stern-driven soul was presenting to his Maker—silent and unheard by mortal, but seen and understood by Him who sitteth among the cherubim. (To be continued.)

## IN GOOD FIGHTING TRIM AT WINNIPEG.

God is saving in our midst and all kinds of sinners are coming to the mercy seat.

Our soldiers are in good fighting trim and ready for service on week days as well as Sundays.

Sister Adams has left us for the Training Home. She was a faithful J. S. Sergeant, and we pray she will be a great blessing to all in her future career.



One of the Workshops.

be inspected by the immigration authorities, a proceeding that was carried out with remarkable celerity—the result no doubt of much practice.

### At Quebec.

At half-past seven, after a substantial breakfast, the third-class passengers embarked, and those who had come out under the auspices of the Salvation Army proceeded to the Army's Immigration Offices, where Staff-Capt. Crofton, a broad-shouldered, jolly-faced Canadian, resplendent in gold lace, with round hands and ready tongue dispensed documents and cheering words to eager and anxious immigrants who crowded the office counters.

At this office the mysteries of money drafts and railway coupons were elucidated to the inexperienced. Those who had not yet obtained employment or situations were here supplied, and also provided with the means to travel and informed as to the best means of reaching their several destinations. The Salvation Army's Immigration Department struck me as being very efficiently organized; at

any rate, in a remarkably brief space of time, the many and varied wants of all appeared to have been adequately met.

At eight o'clock the engines once more began to throb and the screws to revolve, and soon we were gliding fast in color, and drew forth profuse expressions of admiration from all who crowded the ship's sides. It was truly magnificent. Such a gorgeous display of autumnal tinting I had never witnessed. The great splashes of deepest crimson, russet, and gold of the maple trees, being variegated with the rich, dark green pine trees and later foliage; which, with the quaint white houses whose dark red roofs peeped amid the riot of color that pervaded the rising banks of the river, and the deep purple of the hills beyond made a scene of indescribable beauty. The land was good to look upon.

Quebec is a city with a great past, and to all appearances a greater future. The so-called "Gibraltar of America," is historically more inter-

esting than any other city in America, and it was with acute interest that I surveyed the Plains of Abraham and the precipitous cliffs up which clambered the intrepid British soldiers who conquered in the last great fight made by the French for the Empire of America. The capture of Quebec makes a stirring tale, and cost the lives of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. Suitable memorials mark the spot where the heroes fell.

### The St. Lawrence.

The wind blew coldly, but the sun shone brightly as we steamed through the narrow winding channel, which at times brought us almost within a stone's throw of the thickly-wooded shore, to Montreal.

Navigation in the St. Lawrence is rather difficult on account of the silt. We passed one large steamship impounded on a rock. In a heavy snowstorm she had got outside the channel, and in the shallow water she grounded on a rock, which, when the tide subsided, was forced by the weight of the

great vessel sheer through the massive iron bottom until the great engines were lifted free from their solid foundation. She is said to be unsalvageable. On Monday morning the Kensington moved at Montreal, a city of impressive proportions viewed from the river. The Salvation Army officers were in waiting, and those whose situations and employment lay in and around Montreal were speeded to their journey's end; while others proceeded to Toronto, where Brigadier Howell and his Staff of able assistants were in readiness to solve all problems and render needed assistance.

### At Toronto.

Next evening I met quite a number of the Salvationists in the Army Temple, at the meeting for the reception of the delegates to the Fall Councils. All were comfortably provided with work or situations; all were happy; and all were grateful for the assistance rendered to them by the Salvation Army, when leaving the Old Land, and settling down in the new. God bless them all.

## FROM

The Chicago a big ass the young ritory durin

About the jority from will enter on Saturday month's se

At the meeting a connection Commission collected o

Upon the Congress, in the next week, is to be up noon, and Wednesday

A magn heart of business di the Army be known beautifully give us a the very ever occup

In Mobil tee, consis Police, and started a of the We Committee of the Salv ants, in ch the food al gation of lief. Effect administrator

Acting-C been visiti pose main for the Jo within a str er Street, thoroughl comfortable ventilated way which to the pres vation at eight month

The Salve the human cotton mil satisfactor this new d work that cotton ind to it the to the mil accomplish gratifying clusively twelve year wort in the

## AND

It chance late, Sat in my and O'er sinfu His lies, I tude. So hope v smat And, sick rest.

## Knocked

A man of suns And breez hum And told I So then he That mine earth Would dig soil, And blin dyat And if the red p Per ton of Thought t

## Subject to

And deadl Men colle feun From the "yell Had happ rich



## TIT-BITS FROM THE TERRITORIES.

The Chief of the Staff is launching a big anti-saving campaign amongst the young people in the British Territory during November.

About thirty Army editors, the majority from the Continent of Europe, will enter the Staff Lodge at Clapton on Saturday, the 20th inst, for a month's session.

At the Sunday morning open-air meeting at Johannesburg, held in connection with the visit of Acting-Commissioner Richards, 27 7s. was collected on the drumhead.

Upon the occasion of the Northern Congress, to be held at Johannesburg next week, a new Ex-Prisoners' Home is to be opened on the Saturday afternoon, and a new Rescue Home on the Wednesday.

A magnificent hall, right in the heart of new San Francisco's present business district has been captured by the Army. The building, which is to be known as New Congress Hall, is beautifully adapted to our work, and gives us an auditorium which is in the very best position the Army has ever occupied in the city.

In Mobile a Special Relief Committee, consisting of the Mayor, Chief of Police, and forty prominent citizens, started a relief fund for the victims of the West Indian hurricane. The Committee appointed Capt. Widgery, of the Salvation Army, and his assistants, in charge of the distribution of the food and clothing and the investigation of all cases that apply for relief. Effective relief is already being administered.

Acting-Commissioner Richards has been visiting the Rand for the purpose mainly of opening the new hall for the Johannesburg corps, situated within a stone's throw of Commissioner Street, one of the most important thoroughfares. It is reported to be a comfortable, well lit, and splendidly ventilated building, the best in every way which the corps has occupied up to the present. Four souls sought salvation at the opening meeting, and eight more on the Sunday night.

The Salvation Army has taken over the running of the way school at the cotton mill, Lynchburg, U.S.A. So satisfactory has been the result of this new departure in Salvation Army work that the president of the large cotton industry has again handed over to it the care of the school attached to the mill. The results of the work accomplished last year were very satisfying indeed. This school is exclusively for white children under twelve years of age, whose parents work in the mill.

### MY LESSON.

It chanced one day, that I, disconsolate,  
Sat in my seclusion small, and mused  
O'er sinful man's depravity;  
His lies, his tricks, his great ingratitude.  
So hope waxed dim, my faith grew small;  
And, sick at heart, I longed to be at rest.

Just then a peer  
Knocked at my door, and entered in.  
A man of faith—browned by fierce suns,  
And breezy—his voice veld—I knew him well,  
And told him what was troubling me.  
So then he spoke, and told me how  
That miners, in the bowels of the earth,  
Would dig and break the stubborn soil,  
And blast the flinty rock with riving dynamite;  
And if they won one ounce of pure, red gold,  
Per ton of worthless rubbish,  
Thought they were well repaid.

Also in diamond mines—  
Subject to murderous "falling rock,"  
And deadly "mudcrust" of the shafts—  
Men toiled, and if they won one glistening carat  
From the heaped-up load of "blue" or "yellow ground,"  
Had happy hearts; for they reaped rich reward.

## OUR SHORT STORY

### HOW THE BARTENDER LOST A GOOD CUSTOMER.

**B**EFORE his conversion, Brother M—— had a wretched home. His wife had lost confidence in him, and his children were frightened to screams at his approach. Raged and angry they roamed the streets by day and slept into a corner of the miserable hotel they called home at night. One day Mac (as we will call him) had come from a drunken spree with a terrible thirst consuming him. His first thought was to seek for something to drink. All his money was gone he found, and so he resolved to ask the saloon keeper to let him have some on trust. He discovered, however, that no one would trust such a dissipated looking man as he was.

He'd Done with Him.

"Won't you let me have just one?" he pleaded.

"No; get out of here, I've done with you," snarled the man behind the bar.

"You've done with me, eh? Then I've done with you, too," and the drunkard staggered out of the door into the street.

What was that? The sound of a drum was heard, and Mac wondered up to where a little party of Salvationists were holding an open-air.

What His Chum Said.

Who was that speaking? Why, if it wasn't an old chum of his who had "joined" the Army some time ago. His talk was mainly upon various things he had done in the past, for

He further spoke,  
And asked me, I, amongst the "tons"  
Of human rubbish, I had not seen the ounces of pure gold,  
And glistening gems unearthed  
In greater measure than the miners see their spoils?  
If so, was I not well repaid?

I owned I was,  
And my heart smote me for my faithlessness.  
Then did I learn this lesson from the miner:  
That human "rubbish" there will always be,  
But every "lead" or "ton" contains its gold or diamond.  
So labor on in faith—for hardest rock, Or stiffest clay, may hold the prize, And what a prize!—a jewel for my Master's diadem! J. B.

### Promoted to Glory.

DROPPED DEAD IN HIS BOAT.

Brother Henry Saunders, of Here Bay.

For many years Brother Saunders was a faithful Salvation Soldier in the little Newfoundland corps of Here Bay. He was always ready to do his utmost for the extension of God's Kingdom, and it is with sad hearts that we report his death.

In his last testimony he warned all to prepare to meet God, little thinking how suddenly he would be called before his Maker himself.

One morning he got up and ate his breakfast as usual, intending to go to his work. Stepping into his little boat, he put up the sail, took the oar in his hand, and then fell dead.

We know that the angels have carried him home to the better land, but we so much miss his kind words and smiling face. He was always on the lookout to give everyone a cheering word. Many hearts were touched as we laid his body to rest, and we pray that his sudden call may be the means

which God had now pardoned him. Mac had been mixed up in many of these affairs, and as he clung to a lamp post and tried to take in what was being said, he could not help shouting out now and again, "Yes, that's right, that's right."

The desire for drink seemed to lessen, and he followed the march to the hall.

At the end of the meeting Mac was kneeling at the penitent form.

At home that night quite a different scene was witnessed from the usual Saturday night's bawling and drunkenness.

He Kissed His Wife.

Mac went up to his wife and kissed her. It was the first time he had done such a thing for years, and the poor woman was quite astonished.

"Wife," he said, "I have been to the Salvation Army and got converted. I'm not going to drink any more now."

"Oh, you've told me that so many times," said the wife, who could hardly believe that he was sincere.

He Meant it.

"Ay, but I meant it this time," he replied.

He did mean it too. Thirty-two years have passed by and Mac is still a Salvationist. He has held several important positions in the corps, and is respected by all for his sobriety and uprightness.

His children have been brought up respectfully and in the fear of God, and one of them is a prospective Candidate now for our Toronto Training Home.

Of awakening many to a sense of their unrighteousness to stand before God.

Our sympathy is extended to those he has left behind to mourn their loss. May God cheer them in their hours of sorrow.—Sister Lydia Wells.

### THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Brother Ralph MacLean, Regina.

"God bless the Salvation Army," were among the dying words of our dear comrade, Ralph Erskine MacLean, who laid aside mortality for immortality on Oct. 19th. Brother MacLean met with an accident while riding his bicycle on Wednesday the 17th inst. He was taken to his boarding house, where, despite the best medical skill, he passed away at early dawn. Our departed comrade was only 21 years of age when the call came, but he was ready. Two months ago he was converted at Regina barracks. His testimonies were always bright, and there was no mistaking his love for all that was good.

Only the Sunday before his death he testified to his love for God, and his death has left a deep impression on many who attended our meetings. A few minutes before the end came he repeated the beautiful verses commencing with, "Let not your heart be troubled."

An impressive memorial service was held on Sunday evening, where five thousand men and two young men sought salvation. Brother MacLean was buried at his home in Charlottetown, P.E.I. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like his."—E. B.

### HE TRUSTED IN JESUS.

Brother Belman, of Seal Cove, Trinity Bay.

It is with sorrow that we report the death of our dear brother, Willie Belman.

After a long and lingering illness he passed away, trusting in Jesus. We pray that God may comfort the bereaved ones.

## A Glance at the World

### FOREIGN.

Alarm in Morocco is increasing. The American and German ministers are remaining at Fez, while France and Spain have despatched warships thither.

The reports published to the effect that a military convention had been arranged between Great Britain, France, and Italy are officially declared to be baseless.

The United States Cabinet regards the Japanese situation in California as very serious.

The French Cabinet has decided to sequester the property and revenues of the rebellious clergy on December 15th.

A Standard Oil steamer rescued six fishermen from a burning house-boat off Florida.

New Zealand Parliament has authorized the Government to agree to a reciprocal preference with South Africa, subject to ratification.

The nineteenth birthday of the Queen of Spain was celebrated by setting free a large number of political prisoners and increasing the pay of the Madrid garrison.

Mr. John Burns says that the meat seized and condemned in the Smithfield market during two summer months, about one-tenth came from the United States and nine-tenths from Argentina.

Wholesale house-searching and arrests go on daily in Russia. In London one night seventy doctors, lawyers, and business men were arrested. Odessa has been warned that any demonstration to celebrate the granting of partial self-government a year ago will be dispersed by troops.

The House of Representatives have approved the renewal of the San Francisco mail subsidy for three years, with the proviso that new steamships shall be provided within two years, in default of which the Postmaster-General is empowered to give six months' notice of the withdrawal of the subsidy. The House also authorized the making of a contract for the Vancouver service, giving \$3,000 to the steamers making the trip in eighteen days, the maximum subsidy to be \$100,000.

### CANADIAN.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company will apply to Parliament for power to establish a pension and superannuation fund for their employees.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is about to place orders in London, Eng., for several large cargo and passenger boats for service on the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Dominion Government Railway system during the past fiscal year, up to July 1st last, shows a surplus of \$68,890, and better prospects still are promised for next year.

The inquest into the deaths of Belanger and Theriault has been opened at Buckingham.

Alderman Dagenais insists that something should be done in Montreal to keep young children off the streets when they should be at home in bed.

The General Conference of the Union American Methodist Episcopal Churches has forbidden its clergy to marry divorced persons.

A party of Babine Indians from British Columbia are on their way to Ottawa to plead that their immemorial right of barricading rivers to secure their winter's supply of salmon be restored to them.

In the legal fight as to whether or not the recent vote in Great Britain entitled that township to local option, Chief Justice Mulock has reversed the judgment of Mr. Justice Mahe. The Chief Justice says every voter having a fair chance to cast his ballot the vote stood, out of total of 2,990 cast, 476 in favor of local option, and so the law must stand.

The labor troubles in Calgary have been satisfactorily adjusted by the arbitration board appointed by the contractors and men. The men asked for forty-five cents an hour with an eight-hour day. The agreement provided for thirty-five cents an hour till the end of the year, forty from then until July 1st, and 45¢ a day until January 1st, 1905, in every case for a nine-hour day. There is to be no discrimination between union and non-union men.







**A NEW INTERNATIONAL  
DEPARTMENT.**

REINFORCEMENTS IN OUR  
FOREIGN WORK.

## THE WHITE MAN'S WHISKEY.

MAYORAL AND ALDERMANIC TRIBUTE TO THE GOOD WORK OF  
THE SALVATION ARMY.

St. John, New Brunswick, Oct. 29th.

# THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

**This Page Contains a Glorious Record of Souls Saved, Drunkards Converted, and Crowds Brought Face to Face with the Consequences of Sin and the Power of God's Salvation. Read It!**

## AN AGRICULTURAL DONATION.

Deputy-Commissioner Believes in the S. A.

Lieut. Coleman has left Regina and is appointed to assist Capt. Smith at Dauphin. She was a great blessing to many while here.

At the farewell meeting four souls came to the penitent form, and we had a real hallelujah wind-up. As the Corps Correspondent was proceeding to the holiness meeting on Oct. 14th he met the new Deputy-Commissioner of Agriculture for the Province of Saskatchewan. This gentleman was formerly the editor of a leading agricultural paper in the west. He expressed his sympathy with our work and handed a contribution to our humble servant to be put in the collection that morning.—E. B.

## HIS MOTHER'S SAVIOUR.

Touched by a Song at Brampton.

We were only six strong on Saturday night, Oct. 25th, and very few people would stop to listen as we stood on the street corner.

As the Captain sang a solo, the chorus of which was, "If you love your mother, meet her in the skies," a man standing on the sidewalk seemed very much touched.

He followed to the hall and there went his way to the cross. He afterwards said that he was on his way to his mother's funeral when the words of the song arrested his attention, touched his heart, and finally led him to seek his mother's Saviour.

## A SALVATION MAN-O-WAR'S MAN.

Since our last report twelve souls have been won for Christ at Hamilton, Bermuda.

The people here gave very liberally towards our Harvest Festival effort. Our collection for three days and a great amount of goods were disposed of.

On Oct. 6th and 7th the Naval and Military Leaguers were with us. Bro. Boorman, from H. C. S. Dominion, led the Brigade, and we had quite a lively time. Six souls returned to God during their meetings and we wound up rejoicing.

Lieut. Rowe has just come to the islands to work among us. We gave her a welcome at the same time that we said farewell to Capt. Newell.

## SOLDIERS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC.

God has wonderfully blessed the efforts put forth by the officers and soldiers at Kenora. This corps is progressing both spiritually and financially.

Last week four souls plunged in the fountain. Capt. Onke is in command. The soldiers are enthusiastic and converts are making a good stand.—McK.

## FOUR CONVERTS.

Since our last report from Ingersoll we have had some splendid times. Four persons have professed conversion and six have knelt at the penitent form for a clean heart.—P. L. G.

## SHE HELPED MANY.

Capt. Navell has farewelled from Somerset, Ber., after four months' faithful toil. She has proved a great blessing to the people there and has been the means of helping many in their soul's experience.—J. H. S.

## IMPRESSIVE MEMORIAL SERVICE

In our Memorial Service on Sunday night at Liverpool, two souls surrendered to God. The service was a very impressive one, and many went away under deep conviction.

## THE FAMILY WEAR UNIFORM.

Good Crowds and Eight Souls.

Our week-end meetings at Riverdale were well attended, and finances extra good.

The largest crowd we have seen for some time attended the Sunday morning holiness meeting, and one brother came for sanctification.

On Sunday night Adj. Howell introduced some new comrades to the audience. They were a family of eight who had just come from the Old Country. Every one wore uniform, even the smallest girl having a hallelujah bonnet on. They gave some good testimonies and are likely to prove good soldiers.

Seven souls knelt at the penitent form during the prayer meeting. Two of them were brothers, the sons of our Sengster leader.

They volunteered out while the soldiers were singing "Almost persuaded," and afterwards gave bright testimonies.

## HER DEATH TOUCHED HIM.

In the Sunday morning holiness meeting at Campbellton, N.B., one wanderer returned to the Saviour. He had been brought under deep conviction, he said, by the death of Mrs. Chedore, and had made up his mind to take his stand for God again.

A memorial service was held in the afternoon for the comrades who have fallen in the fight during the past year. Deep interest was manifested in the dying testimonies that were read.

A special memorial service was held at night for Mrs. Chedore, and many were made to feel the need of getting ready for death.

One came to the mercy seat.—Edison Campbell.

## GOD HONORED LABORS.

Lieut. Lawrence has farewelled from Sherbrooke after a stay of seven and a half months. He was a great blessing to everyone here, and is now laboring in Montreal V., where we hope he will prove a great help to the comrades there.

Lieut. Hedberg has come to fill his place and we are looking forward to a good time this winter. P. S.-M. Fraser, accompanied by his daughter Ada, visited us lately and we had a good week-end. God honored our labors with one soul on Saturday night and two on Sunday.—W. M. F.

## THEY RARELY HEAR OF CHRIST.

During my collecting for Harvest Festival at the different islands and out harbors around Channell, Nfld., I visited seventy homes and held six meetings. The schoolhouses were lent to me at some places, while at others I had to gather the people together at the house of someone friendly to the Army. The meetings were well attended and many people came who rarely hear of Christ.

## EVERYBODY WORKED WELL.

This year's Harvest Festival effort has been the largest in the history of the North Sydney corps. Everyone worked well, however, and we have come off victorious.

Mrs. Parry, with the assistance of the young people, did very well, and raised the target set for the juniors without a hitch. Sergt. Major Ivey also came out on top.—Marl.

## CONVERTS DOING WELL.

Capt. McLennan and Lieut. Addy are leading on at St. Stephen. Crowds are increasing, finances going up, and converts doing well.

## CLUNG TO HIS TOBACCO.

One Got Saved, the Other Did Not.

Adj. Taylor and Lieut. Layton were recently welcomed to Ottawa 1. They had a grand reception.

Staff-Capt. Eliery introduced them to the people, and from the start they seemed right at home. The Adjutant made the remark that from this time forth "we were theirs and they were ours."

Many comrades expressed their determination to stand by the new officers, and as each one spoke they were named by Staff-Capt. Eliery. Ensign Hall, of the Rescue Home, who has had charge of the corps during the absence, then spoke a few words of welcome to the incoming officers.

At the close of the meeting two souls came forward in response to an invitation from the Adjutant. One obtained pardon, but the other was unwilling to give up tobacco and went away unsaved. We are praying still for his deliverance.

Bro. Charles Mason, an old comrade of this corps, was greeted by his many friends at the service. He is lately from the Northwest.

Nine souls have been won during the period that the councils were on. At Ensign Hall's meeting on Thursday night, four came out. On Saturday night, at a meeting led by Bandmaster Harris, two more knelt at the feet of Jesus, while on Sunday evening, with Ensign Hall and Mrs. Archibald in charge, three others sought pardon.—French.

## LARGEST MARCH FOR MONTHS.

They are rejoicing over a large march of soldiers at Minnauit. For many months there has not been such a crowd at the open-air as on last Sunday.

A combined farewell and welcome home of old soldiers made an interesting meeting. The hall was well filled and the collections were good. Amid much rejoicing one soul knelt at the penitent form.

Lieut. Crowther is farewelling. He has worked single-handed in this corps and won the respect and confidence of all by his devotion to God and the Army.

Our sale of goods on Monday resulted in a good profit being realized, and we fully expect to smash our \$100 target.—E. T.

## THEY HAVE BEEN EXAMPLES.

Capt. and Mrs. Ogilvie have just said good-bye after a stay of seven months at Dartmouth. They conducted special open-air meetings during the summer, and have left their people an example of faithfulness to Christ.

Last Monday night was a time of blessing, and at the close of the meeting one sister sought salvation. We much enjoy the united meetings at Halifax under Adj. and Mrs. Carter.—Sadie Speight.

## GREAT SALVATION FIGHTING.

Ensign and Mrs. Cuy have been welcomed to Belleville.

Sunday was a day of great salvation fighting. Band and soldiers worked hard and one soul came to the mercy seat.

War Cry all sold out and our faith is high for the Holiness Campaign.—Coolie.

## THE CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE.

One soul sought and found salvation at Watkinson on a recent Monday night.

The Captain's message on Sunday evening went home to many hearts, and one dear sister plunged into the fountain.—Henry.

## WELCOME WELL ATTENDED.

The welcome meetings of Captains Andrews and Pense were conducted in the Galt Citadel on Sunday, Oct. 21st. The meetings were largely attended, and at night one soul was welcomed to the Saviour.—Capt. Pense.

## THE INDIAN COULDN'T REAP.

A Glen Vowell Wanderer Returns to God.

The Harvest Festival effort at Westminster was closed with a beautiful sacred concert on Sept. 28th. Many Christian friends assisted with talents, and we appreciated their views very much.

Adj. Hayes and some comrades from Vancouver also came to assist. We had a blessed time and evening was delightful.

On Sunday afternoon two souls came to the penitent form. One was an Indian, who had been a soldier in Glen Vowell Settlement, but had wandered away from God. He was unable to read the Bible, but the witness was glad to be able to converse with him in his own tongue and explain his promises to him, thus restoring confidence in the mercy of God.

Lieut. Dawe has come to assist at home.—Diaz 2.

## Commissioner and Mr. Coombs

IN ST. JOHN, N.B.

(Continued from page 9.)

that the whole history of the race had been a warfare. Men are continuing to reach out after better things, and great many people say the world is just as bad now as it ever was, to the existence of the Salvation Army proved the contrary.

"While in Ottawa recently the Minister of Agriculture had told him next to the Dominion itself, the best channel through which immigration flows into Canada is the Salvation Army. Thus had the small band, it were, grown till to-day it is the mightiest force in the country."

"He knew that the citizens were joining him in bidding the Commissioner and his wife welcome to St. John, and in closing he offered the privilege of the city to the visiting officers."

"The Commissioner then expressed the pleasure it gave him to see the Aldermen on the platform. He said of the value of having strong, men on the council, because, he said, there are many things in connection with the affairs of the city that require most careful consideration."

Other things, he was in a position to know that there is going to be a great stream of immigration into Canada in the early months of the year, and many of them will land in St. John. He hoped there would be found in the dock room enough here to accommodate the ships and other accommodations for the men. "If not," he continued, addressing the Mayor, "you must do—there is lots of money in the country, and you know where to go for it."

"Ald. Lewis was the next speaker. He said he welcomed the Salvation Army to the city, mainly for one reason, and that was their work among prisoners. He referred to his interest in the jail squad, and said it to be his opinion that no better men had done so much for fallen humanity as the Salvation Army."

"Ald. Bullock, the next speaker, he esteemed it a pleasure to be present. It was an inspiration, he would do good to all. He concluded it a great day in the world when the Salvation Army was established. He had done much in St. John, he said, much to be a Salvationist. In fact, he said his heart was with the Army and its work."

## THE HOLINESS CAMPAIGN

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle at the Temple.

## A GOOD CONGREGATION AND A BLESSED MEETING.

An excellent congregation occupied the Temple last Thursday evening when the second weekly meeting of the Holiness Campaign was held. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle, assisted by the Headquarters staff, conducted the proceedings, and a beautiful feeling pervaded the meeting.

The Chief Secretary in his Bible reading, which described the return of the spies from the Promised Land, gave an analysis of the words in the Bible that had reference to the sanctification of the soul and those that related to the pardon of sin. This is the analysis: "Holiness," relating to personal conduct, is mentioned 120 times; "Perfection," in the same sense, 150 times; and "Holy," in the light of a command to be holy, times while "Justified," as being justified by faith, occurs 75 times, and "Pardon," but 17 times.

## Vital Command.

It will thus be seen that in the Bible considerably more stress is laid upon holy living than forgiveness of sin. "Be ye holy for I am holy," is a commandment quite as binding as any in the Decalogue.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser gave a clear personal testimony as to the possession of a clean heart, as did also Ensign Gillan, who, while with a threatening gang and in the lumber camps far away from Army meetings or religious influences, had found it possible to live a life of holiness unto the Lord.

Lieut. Colonel Gassins, who was leaving for Newfoundland to attend the Commissioner's council in that colony, also gave a direct plea for personal holiness.

## An Apt Illustration.

Mrs. Colonel Kyle, in a clear, well-modulated voice, gave a forcible address on trust in the Lord, emphasized by many apt illustrations, of which the following is a sample:

In some localities visited by her, it was the custom to have gates which opened by mechanical contrivances, without an effort on the part of the driver of the vehicle. It was, however, necessary to drive straight up to the gate, although it was closed, for it was only when the cart or wagon was in close proximity to the gate that its weight would move the spring that opened the barrier. Even so, those who would enter into the state of sanctification must, through faith, march up boldly to the open door of a Saviour, which, like the mechanical gate, would fall back by the power of God.

A number of seekers after sanctification brought a very profitable meeting to a close.

The Chief Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Kyle and Brigadier and Mrs. Howell, led the special holiness meeting at Leger St. The barracks were crowded, and everyone drank in the Colonel's address from the text, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation." Twenty-two sought this experience before the meeting closed.

Adj. Owen conducted a stirring holiness meeting at Toronto Junction on the 22nd. The hall was crowded, and three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. One young man had never been in an Army meeting before. He was a Christian, but as he listened to the truth conviction took hold of him. He saw the need and possibility of holiness as never before, and so came forward to claim it.

## WARMLY RECEIVED BY EVERYONE.

Ensign and Mrs. Barry have taken charge of Montreal IV. Their welcome meetings were of an enthusiastic nature. Everyone was well pleased with the new officers.

Three souls sought the Saviour's pardon in the Sunday night meeting.

—P. J. Albano.



# THE HOLINESS CAMPAIGN.

## DAD WATKINS, OF TORONTO, PROMOTED TO GLORY.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle at the Temple.

A DRUNKEN RAGMAN WHEN HE GOT CONVERTED, HE DIED WITH A SAINTLY REPUTATION.

### A GOOD CONGREGATION AND A BLESSED MEETING.

An excellent congregation occupied the Temple last Thursday evening when the second weekly meeting of the Holiness Campaign was held. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle, assisted by the Headquarters Staff, conducted the proceedings, and a beautiful feeling pervaded the meeting. The Chief Secretary in his Bible reading, which described the return of the apostles from the Promised Land, gave an analysis of the words in the Bible that had reference to the sanctification of the soul and those that related to the pardon of sin. This is the analysis: "Holiness," relating to personal conduct, mentioned 101 times; "Pardon," in the same sense, 130 times, and "Holy," in the light of a command to be holy, 123 times; while "Justified," as being justified by faith, occurs 75 times, and "Pardon" but 17 times.

### Vital Command.

It will thus be seen that in the Bible considerably more stress is laid upon holy living than forgiveness of sins. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is a commandment quite as binding as any in the Decalogue.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser gave a clear, personal testimony as to the possession of a clean heart, as did also Ensign Gilliam, who, while with a threatening gang and in the lumber camps, far away from Army meetings or religious influences, had found it possible to live a life of holiness unto the Lord.

### An Apt Illustration.

Mrs. Colonel Kyle, in a clear, well-modulated voice, gave a forcible address on trust in the Lord, emphasized by many apt illustrations, of which the following is a sample:

In some localities visited by her, it was the custom to have gates which opened by mechanical contrivances, without an effort on the part of the driver of the vehicle. It was, however, necessary to drive straight up to the gate, although it was closed, for it was only when the cart or wagon was in close proximity to the gate that its weight would move the spring that opened the barrier. Even so, those who could enter into the state of sanctification must, through faith, march up boldly to the opposing barrier, which, like the mechanical gate, would fall back by the power of God.

A number of seekers after sanctification brought a very profitable meeting to a close.

The Chief Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Kyle and Brigadier and Mrs. Howell, led the special holiness meeting at Leger St. The barracks was crowded, and everyone drank in the Colonel's address from the text, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation." Twenty-two sought this experience before the meeting closed.

Adj. Owen conducted a stirring holiness meeting at Toronto Junction on the 29th. The hall was crowded and three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. One young man had never been in an Army meeting before. He was a Christian, but he listened to the truth conviction took hold of him. He saw the need and possibility of holiness as never before, and so came forward to claim it.

### WARMLY RECEIVED BY EVERYONE.

Ensign and Mrs. Barry have taken charge of Montreal IV. Their welcome meetings were of an enthusiastic nature. Everyone was well pleased with the new officers.

Three souls sought the Saviour's pardon in the Sunday night meeting. —P. d'Albenas.



DAD WATKINS, one of the oldest and most faithful soldiers of the Salvation Army in Canada, has just passed away to his reward. "Dad" Watkins, who got saved at the Salvation Army within a very short time of the starting of the work in Canada, was a familiar sight on the streets of Toronto. Of late years he had become very feeble, and was only able to walk with the aid of a large stick. Nevertheless, he never missed an open-air meeting, and his testimony was always clear and to the point.

The time came at last when he was forced to go to the hospital, and it became evident that his days were numbered. Only a few hours before he died, Adj. McElheney paid him a visit and

spoke of the first testimony he had heard Dad give, and in his opinion a simpler, kinder, or more loving Spirit was not often met with. In spite of his age he was an example to many of the younger folk, especially in the matter of turning up regularly at the open-air.

### A Reverential Public.

After the Temple service was over a procession was formed, and to the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide with Me," the cortege slowly wended its way up Yonge Street to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Large numbers of people thronged the sidewalks, and out of respect for the dead uncovered their heads as the hearse passed them.

Brigadier Taylor officiated at the graveside, and a solemn and impressive service was held, leading to a re-consecration of all Salvationists



Dad Watkins.

found him well in his soul and praising God for victory.

Soon after he sank into an unconscious condition, and while in that state his spirit returned to God who gave it.

### His Last Meeting.

A short funeral service was conducted by Brigadier Taylor at the Temple on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 27th. The Temple Band was in attendance, and rendered several appropriate selections. In the course of his remarks the Brigadier referred to the faithful life of our comrade under circumstances peculiarly difficult and trying.

Sergt.-Major McCartney, of the Temple, was then called upon to say a few words. He said he had known Dad for fourteen years, and all that time he had never met him without hearing him shout, "Glory to Jesus!" There had been an agreement between him and Dad that whenever Dad met the other should act as his pall-bearer.

One of Dad's favorite choruses was then sung by the band. It was as follows:

"Amen! Amen! We sing and we shout; Christ is in and the devil's out, He's turned our faces right about, Down at the mercy seat."

Adj. McElheney, in a short speech,

presented. With hands raised to heaven they sang feelingly, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," and the service was concluded with a fervent prayer to God that everyone might be enabled to faithfully live in the spirit of that consecration.

### An Old Soldier.

In a short report of the matter, which appeared in the Toronto World, the following facts were given:

"Dad" Watkins was 62 years of age, and had been connected with the Army for twenty-four years. He will be remembered by all who have seen the Temple corps on parade, as a slight figure, rather bent; a kindly face, with grizzly white beard, swinging along with an earnest participation in the services. He was one of the first converts the Army had in Toronto, and when converted was under the influence of liquor. He joined the Army at that time, and has played in the band, led meetings, and held many offices. As a ragman about town he was well known, but on account of ill-health he sold out his business some years ago."

Prior to his conversion, Dad had lived a very drunken life, and when he came to the penitent form a bottle of whiskey was seen protruding from his pocket.

He was a ragman by trade, but never prospered much at the business.

In his old age he had nothing regret by that he could fall back upon and was dependent a great deal upon the generosity of friends. The Temple soldiers regularly clubbed together to pay his board bill, and would look after him in many ways.

### A Kindly Disposition.

On one occasion someone gave Dad ten cents to get something to eat with. He was proceeding to a restaurant when he met a poor fellow whom he thought worse off than himself, so he gave him the ten cents and went without the food he stood so much in need of himself. This is just a sidelight on his kindly disposition, and shows how even amongst the poorest Army soldiers the spirit of self-denial is thoroughly ingrained.

The poor old fellow is now beyond the cares and ills of this life, and free for ever from the grinding pinch of poverty in that better land he so loved to sing about.

### A Good Memorial.

"He has fought a good fight and won the victory," were the words of Brigadier Taylor at the memorial services.

On this occasion the Temple was packed to the doors, while hundreds were turned away. A most impressive meeting was held, and at the close ten souls sought the Saviour.

## PERSONALITIES.

We congratulate Capt. Mabel Stroud, of the London Rescue Home. She has graduated as a nurse and received a gold medal and a certificate for proficiency.

At Dorchester Penitentiary Warden Kirk arranged for Lieut.-Colonel Pagnire to interview over thirty convicts who will soon be discharged. The Warden was very kindly and warmly expressed his appreciation of our work amongst the prisoners.

Lieut.-Colonel Pagnire informs us that he had the pleasure of journeying with Newfoundland's new commander, Lieut.-Colonel Rees, who was traveling with his family to his new command. Lieut.-Colonel Rees was in excellent spirits, and is delighted with the opportunities that Newfoundland presents and of again serving under Commissioner Coombs.

Brigadier Melchiah Glover, the former P. O. of Newfoundland, will shortly sail with his wife and family for the West Indies, where he will take up a Provincial appointment. The Brigadier's health has been somewhat indifferent of late. When the writer saw him and Mrs. Glover at the International Headquarters, they both had very nice things to say about Canada, and deeply regretted that their state of health necessitated a departure from the Dominion.

The health of Commander Eva Booth continues to improve. A welcome meeting was arranged for her recently when the Memorial Hall was packed. Everybody was delighted to see the Commander here again. According to latest news she has an interesting social meeting planned for New York in connection with the Holiness Campaign, and also the opening of the Boston Provincial Headquarters during the present month. Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, on his recent visit, found her health much better than he expected.

While at St. John, N.B., the Commissioner visited our dear afflicted comrade, Capt. Munro, who is evidently nearing the river. It was a great delight to our comrade to have the Commissioner with him, and the room was a veritable Bethel to all who were present. The Captain's testimony to the Commissioner was: "I am fully resigned to the will of God. I have no regrets. If He wants me for heaven I am ready. I have loved the fight, and now have joy in looking back over ten years spent in God's service." His message to comrade-officers gathered in council was: "Go on! Fight harder than ever; fight to a finish; go through to the end!" The Commissioner then prayed with our comrade and kissed him affectionately. In all human probability it is the last time they will meet on earth.



## THE SACRED ANIMALS OF INDIA.

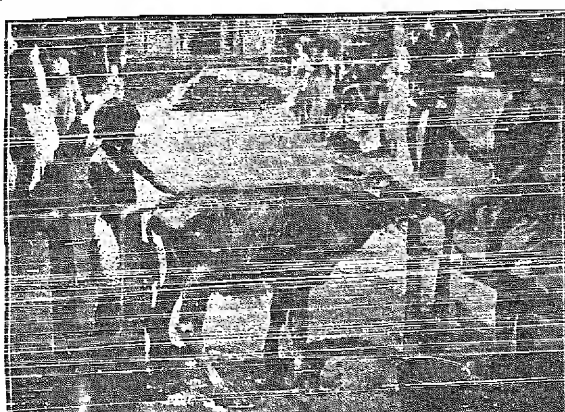
How a Cow is regarded in India—Sacred Bulls and Fruit Sellers—My Lord the Elephant—Story of the Great Horse Feast—Monkeys and Adders.



**M**OST of India's pets are not royal but celestial. To write of animals in the land which keeps its Vedic prayers and forgets the names of its employers, one must leave solid ground and ascend to heaven, must speak in poetry, not prose, in hyperbole rather than in plain speech, says a magazine writer. The question of animals cannot indeed be soberly treated.

The place held by these creatures in India is different from that accorded them in any other country. Every animal is looked upon as but the covering of a spirit. Is not its mind and vibrations far purer than ours? May not even the soul of our grandmother look from its eyes? May not we ourselves return to lower than its state if we give it not reverence?

Poem and parable carry on the strain; till with the Hindu instinct to make of everything an emanation from God, animals have become even more sacred than men.



A Hindu Sacrifice.

A calf, attempting to leap the wooden fence of a compound, became impaled on the pickets. It lay there for three days. It groans could be heard all over the house, but no one dared rescue it for it might be killed during the night. A peculiar invulnerability to suffering, even when personal, prevails all through the Orient. It is the killing that is the crime. God will kill when He is ready. If we had endeavored to remove the calf there would have been riot. It is the sweetest point of the British occupation that the east-coast reef on reef. It was the enforced burning of cow-greased cartridges to the lips that caused the Mutiny.

### "Mother the Cow."

From Sanskrit legends we may learn how deep-rooted are the religious convictions on which the sacredness of the cow is based, the tender regard in which she is held; the affectionate companionship accorded her; also the horror with which our eating the flesh of "our mother" is regarded. Everything about the cow has been observed and noted. Every emanation from her body is venerated and used in worship. "As much water as will fill a lone gourd in the mud by a cow's hoof" is a well-known Aryan measure.

The sacred "Brahmi" bulls almost constitute an order of religious ascetics by themselves. They feed at will from straw-piles, fruit-seller's basket, or evening meal at door of hut, making holy any dish which they touch. The older ones are fully alive to their privileges, and select the finest fruit. Sometimes a patient fruit-seller will remonstrate: "My brother, eat not from my stall, it is not worthy! The man across the way makes much

better gulat-jam; he is richer than I, and can better afford to have thee for a friend! May it please your holiness to go!—nay!—nay, brother—it is too bad! But take thy will."

### Royal Bullocks.

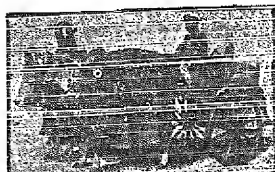
Even a foreigner can almost feel this affection for the royal bullocks that draw the gold and silver carriages of state, can respond to the sweetness in their forest-glances which invite caress of white velvet flanks and adoration of gold-tipped horns and gold-shod feet. The jeweled harness with trailing cloths still with sweetest hard-work completes the richness of carved metal, inlaid teak and ivory, and wind-swept curtains from which gleams dawn-flashing, dawn-reflecting eyes, their pupils black bees caught in white jade lotus-prisons. The cart may be red or lacquer, with peacock-gilded on the poles and Burma rubies are still dyed pink, but there are no more moonstones and starstones in the manger.

The state horses still are held by sapphire and beryl reins, are hung

that they were no longer animals, but moving mountains of jewels.

In some cities when kings died and left no successor, the marriage garland was thrown over the trunk of a female elephant allowed to roam at will, and whose neck she wreathed it with was proclaimed king. Sometimes she would roam for days, then suddenly stop, make obeisance before the chosen one, lift him on her back, and return in triumph. If a woman was chosen, she was crowned queen.

The state horses still are held by sapphire and beryl reins, are hung



Royal Bullocks, Gold Shod hung with Jewelled Harness.

with pearl-wrought nets of gold, but these are of ancient make and used only once a year. The armaments of the king are no longer the artist-artisans of ancient days, but mere machinists and blacksmiths. The horses' tails are still dyed pink, but there are no more moonstones and starstones in the manger.

### The White Horse.

When any king wished or felt himself ready for universal dominion he made an "savamedha," or great horse sacrifice, the most wonderful festival of ancient Aryan line, which proclaimed him "chakravarti" (Lord-of-the-wheel, or radius) from sea to sea. A white horse was chosen for certain marks, then sent to wander at will for a year and a day, and every kingdom he entered must either give battle or acknowledge sovereignty. At the end of the year the sacrificial posts were overlaid with gold, the great eagle-altar raised, the sacrificial pit dug, and all the new-made "yodas" joined in the feast-of-the-horse, which was sacrificed with at least six hundred and nine other victims of all kinds—"tame and wild, terrestrial and aquatic, walking, flying, swimming, and creeping."

### The Rajah's Friend.

But no head may lift higher than that of the "rajah's" personal friend, the monkey. Well may this be, for he is not of both sacred and royal origin? All over India monkeys run in and out the pattern of life. You will see them looking in through your window as you take your "chot-dhoti," or "little breakfast"; they scamper over the roofs holding their young in distressingly human fashion, sit down on their blue or orange pelvic-cushions, and perhaps held up in derision some object they have just stolen from the table.

In palaces they assume the gravity of princes; in temples, the holiness of priests. Many live in hollow trees in bennies or hide in the recesses of the sanctuaries to pick up the grains that fall from pilgrims' offerings. They extend hands horribly repulsive, often covered with cheap rings that the "bhayehers" of the temple have given them. They have even been known to seize a strip of veil and go through the mock marriage ceremony with unromantic precision.



Elephants Ready to Take Royalty for an Outing.

*achhat*  
with my readers.

Our readers will observe some changes of form in connection with this number, and the inclusion of some new features. Those old-time Canadians who have seen the advance proofs declare them to be improvements. We hope each who peruses the pages will think the same, but still "many men, many minds," and we should like to have the opinion of our readers upon the alterations observable in this issue.

No one man has a monopoly of ideas or brains, and speaking on behalf of my helpers, it may be said that a paucity of either is not visible to the naked eye amongst them. Should our readers be generous enough to be pleased with these our latest efforts to make the War Cry more convenient to read, and a truer reflex of the mighty Salvation work that is being accomplished in this fair Dominion, we can promise them further efforts in this direction, and we earnestly ask for the benefit of any suggestions or ideas which may occur to our comrades for improving the same. We can, but if you consider we need tramping on with hob-nailed shoes, well, do so—we may groan, but we will never grunt; only write and try to help us.

The Commissioner, and we may say the Chief Secretary and the printer, have shown us every kindness. The Commissioner has written for us a series of articles which, editorially speaking, are excellent "copy." He has also assured us that in the course of a short time we may expect frequent contributions from the pen of dear Mrs. Coombs, who will write more particularly to our fair readers. We are eagerly looking out for the first instalment, and promise our readers that nothing will be wanting on our part to expedite its coming. The Commissioner has also generously agreed to new type being purchased for headings and titles, while the printers are laying themselves out to produce the smartest and best printed journal of its kind on this terrestrial ball. They have not got into the stride yet. Watch them. If the Department read this column they may be interested to know that certain predictions made to them recently are in a fair way of being fulfilled. Again we say, "Watch!"

The Christmas Number, we are happy to say, is well calculated to sustain the glory of the brilliant special numbers of the past. In some respects the cunning Christmas Number will differ considerably from any special number yet published in this country, being practically in two sections—a Literary Section, and an Art Section. The first section will contain a most varied collection of stories and topical articles, allegories, and poems. The Land of the Maple Leaf, Sunny South Africa, Klondyke, Germany, and other places are represented by special Christmas stories, each profusely illustrated.

The Art Section will contain a fine representation of Bougereau's Nativity, a large two-page picture, "The Flight into Egypt, by Vedder, and other fine pictures of local and seasonable interest; in fact, the whole issue will be decidedly strong in pictorial matter. As the main lines have been decided upon for some time past, the writer feels himself at liberty to say that the scheme of the Christmas Number is decidedly good, and promises to be well carried out. Next week we shall describe in detail the contents of the coming Christmas War Cry.

*The Editor*

**PAID**

EDITOR'S NOTE: make this page interesting in the War Cry to help us. cutting relating to photograph of Salvation Army under your name. If we do not see it in that week, a dollar coupon. No but it will show I your attempt to Cry's interest. At vationists or others join in this competition.

How a Drunken

Lieut.-Colonel King, recently delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, was clad in rags, to the attention of the audience. He was conducting a campaign in a London court and there stood on Army open-air ring creature. He created such sympathy, outside who stood, offered him an inebriated customer. He was in good command Army, as he been a bed lot, but respectable by the vided the amateur them to their place.

Front Page of the War

Our comrade said his adviser would. Two inebriated ones marched, one flag, to the Army. proceeded on to eat together the cynic beholders.

The meeting proceeded to the point when upon Lieut.-Colonel dress the gathering prize of the inebriated whom companion. He stood, he gasped then spluttered and blew, you "ave a The inebriated one and at the close of in humble penitence shortly afterwards children got over the whole family poor and wretched, clothed, and living Old truths in new in these days. St lines, soul-winners

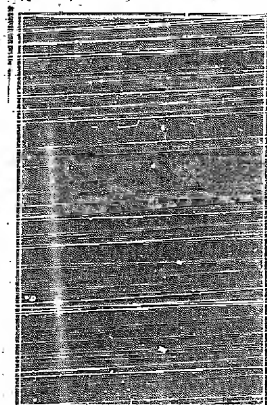


# PARAGRAPHS & PICTURES

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—We want to make this page one of the most interesting in the War Cry, and ask our readers to help us. Should any striking salvation incident, or newspaper cutting relating to Army work, or photograph of Salvation Army interest come under your notice, will you send it to us? If we consider it the best sent in that week we will send you a dollar coupon. Not much, it is true, but it will show how we appreciate your attempt to increase the War Cry's interest. All our readers, Salvationists or otherwise, are invited to join in this competition.

## How a Drunkard was "Rad."

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching, of London, Eng., recently delivered a thrilling lecture in the Temple, Toronto. He was clad in rags, to illustrate the condition of the drunkard, and told the following story to justify his garb. He was conducting a week-end's meetings in a London corps some "one ago, and there stood outside the Salvation Army open-air ring a wee-begone looking creature. His object appearance created such sympathy that the publican, outside whose place the Army stood, offered him a free drink, while an inebriated customer told him that he was in good company with the Salvation Army, as his brother, who had been a bad lot, had been made quite respectable by the Army, and he advised the amateur "bum" to go with them to their place.



Front Page of the First Canadian War Cry.

Our comrades said he would go if his adviser would accompany him. The inebriated One agreed, and the two marched, one each side of the flag, to the Army hall, where they proceeded on to the platform and sat together the cynosure of all amused beholders.

The meeting proceeded until it came to the point when the leader called upon Lieut.-Colonel Kitching to address the gathering. Judge the surprise of the inebriated One as his whilom companion was received with cheers by the audience.

He stood, he reaped, he glared, and then spluttered out, "Well, I'm blowed, you have led me this time." The inebriated One sat and listened and at the close of the address knelt in humble penitence at the mercy seat.

Shortly afterwards the wife and children got converted also, and now the whole family instead of being poor and wretched, are well-fed, well-clothed, and living righteous lives. Old truths in new dress are required in these days. Strike out on new lines, soul-winners all.

## His First Soul in Canada.

Does God answer prayer?

Capt. McFetrick, of Lisgar Street corps, holds in the most emphatic manner that he does, and for this reason.

It was the Captain's first corps in this country—and his first Sunday.



Calgary, a Cosmopolitan Metropolis. (By the courtesy of The Globe.)

Among the fifteen hundred pupils attending Calgary Public Schools are to be found twenty nationalities, three of which—Italy, Iceland, and Galatia—do not appear in the above group. All these nationalities are rapidly becoming Canadianized, and are engaging in the various phases of development of Canada for which each class is best adapted. The nationalities represented in the above group, as well as seen by their badges are: Servia, Sweden, Holland, Dixie (Southern States), Norway, England, Canada, Austria, India, Scotland, China, Austria, United States, Denmark, and Germany.

In the early morning he knelt in the parlor of his quarters and prayed that Almighty God would that day give him some manifestation of divine favor—some earnest of success.

And while the Captain yet prayed there was heard a knock on the door. Our comrade rose from his knees and opened it.

There stood a policeman, a perfect stranger.

"Hello, my friend," said our comrade; "been out all night?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then come in, and have a cup of tea," said the genial Captain.

The policeman entered, and said, "I don't want your tea. I'm in a bad way. I want you to pray for me."

Capt. McFetrick never did anything more willingly. Together they prayed, and when they rose from their knees the policeman realized that his load of sin was gone.

This is how Capt. McFetrick won his first soul in Canada. He has won many since.

## Saloon-Keeper Cleared First.

Capt. Jim Jones had been sent to open the Army work at a little town in British Columbia.

His reception was not encouraging. The first man he met was a saloon keeper, who told him the Salvation Army wasn't wanted there, and it wouldn't be long before he left the town.

"Your trunk will be the first one packed," replied the Captain, and in the light of other events they were prophetic.

For a while it was hard fighting. All alone he stood on the street corner, and in the accompaniment of the big drum sang songs of invitation to the sinners night after night.

They seemed just as hard as ever, however, and apparently no impression was made upon them.

One night a drunken man leaped up against the Captain, intending to upset him. Just exactly what took place we do not know, but the fellow soon found himself sprawling on the sidewalk.

"Well, now," he remarked as he got up, "it isn't everyone who could do that. Say, here's fifty cents for you. I appreciate your work."

Whatever effect this little incident had on the townsfolk, it is a fact that after this many converts were won, and before the Captain left the town a good corps had been built up. No longer do the officers there struggle on

spring come and the snows melted—some months afterwards—his corpse was found close beside a haystack.

"He that is often reproved, but hardeneth his heart and stiffeneth his neck shall be cut off suddenly, and that without remedy,"—Ensign Gilliam.

## How the Baby Found a Home.

Capt. McFetrick was not collecting for Harvest Festival. He had a cart load of stuff, and when a man hailed him and asked if he would take a baby for the Harvest Festival, joyfully the Captain replied that he would. The man then told our comrade a story that stirred his compassionate nature to its depths. He took in the situation at a glance, and when he drove off the soon-to-be-poor little fellow, whose photograph we herewith reproduce, lay very near to his heart.

He took it home to his own family, and kept it till the Harvest Festival was celebrated, and then when the harvest gifts were to be sold he took the little chap to the Army hall and told the assembled audience how he became possessed of it, and how the young mother had since died and been laid in a lonely grave. There were many moist eyes amongst those who listened to the recital, and when the Captain asked for some one to adopt it a kind-hearted couple gladly took the parentless little one to their own home to be theirs.

"And how does the boy go on?" enquired the stirred listener.

"Splendidly," was the reply. The



The Harvest Festival Boy.

foster-parents say they wouldn't sell it for a hundred dollars.

That is how a baby found a home and parents.

## WHO ARE THE PRISONERS OF SASKATCHEWAN?

God's seal rests upon our work at Prince Albert, Sask. The crowds are good and contribute liberally to our funds. The comrades are saintly, united, and expectant of great things, and much interest is being aroused among the townspeople in the Salvation Army.

Adlt. Scott and Lieut. Mirey are quite at home and are now comfortably settled in their new quarters.

The children's work is growing, and we now have four companies.

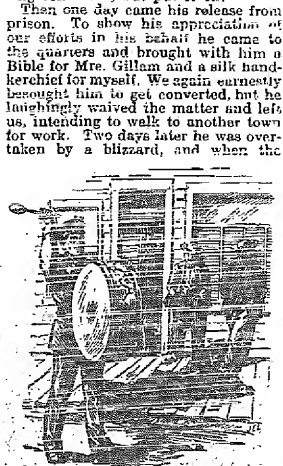
Bro. Clark, the Police Court Missioner, from Regina, recently spent a week-end here. At a meeting in the jail, seven prisoners professed salvation and were afterwards visited. Many who were previously converted gave a good testimony.

In the afternoon Bro. Clark gave an interesting account of his life, and at night he spoke on "Who are the prisoners of Saskatchewan?" Forcible and striking illustrations of the usefulness of the Police Court work were given, and many souls were touched. Four came to Jesus.—War Cor. Wilson.

## Fate of a Procrastinator.

Whenever I hear a man lightly put off God's salvation I think about a man I met in the Northwest. My wife and I first met him in prison, when we went there to conduct services. At one time he seriously thought of getting converted, but put it off.

Then one day came his release from prison. To show his appreciation of our efforts in his behalf he came to the quarters and brought with him a Bible for Mrs. Gilliam and a silk handkerchief for myself. We again earnestly brought him to get converted, but he laughingly waived the matter and left us, intending to walk to another town for work. Two days later he was overtaken by a blizzard, and when the

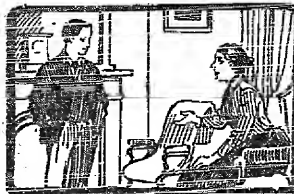


The Man Lay on the Sidewalk.



# "What the Law could not do"

## OUR NEW SERIAL STORY



She Tempted Him to Steal.

### FOREWORD.



**MOST** dangerous man and I feel it my duty to order you to be kept in penal servitude for the remainder of your natural life.

Thus spoke the late Mr. Justice Hawkins to Charles Overton, who stood in the dock at the Central Criminal Court, London, Eng., on March 31st, 1881, convicted of burglary and the attempted murder of four persons.

Twenty years later. One day Charles Overton, now known as Convict 72, as he sat in his cell, heard the hoarse grating of the key in the lock. The door swung open, and the turnkey's gruff voice summoned him to the governor's office.

The spirit of God, and the Christ-like conduct of a Christian prison official had done a great work for the one-time fierce and desperate convict, No. 72. He had been led to give his heart to God, and his conduct since had been so exemplary that his case had been brought before the King, and on the occasion of His Majesty's accession to the throne he was informed that His Majesty had ordered his release, on the condition that he did not leave the country—so by the King's grace, he was free.

Free! Free to walk the streets after twenty years' confinement in a prison-cell; free to wear the garb of an honest man; after having borne the felon's brand for a score of years, free to mingle and speak with his fellows after all those weary years of unbroken silence. Free! Free! Free at last, by the King's grace.

We first saw Charles Overton at the works of one of our Prison Gate Homes, and were struck with his appearance. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, about fifty years of age, and of a very intelligent and commanding countenance. A type of man singularly unlike the recognized brand of Bill Sikes. A man evidently not criminal by instinct, but the victim of evil circumstances. We listened to his story, which certainly possessed all the elements of thrilling interest, and, as a psychological study, is highly instructive.

It showed how a high-spirited, but kindly disposed country youth, was brutalized by the harsh conduct of a drunken grandfather—how he was led into crime through the instigations of a Delilah—how he emerged from the prison at the age of twenty-five, after being shut away from his fellows for seven years, a veritable Ishmaelite, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him"—how, by humane conduct and the grace of God, he became a new creature, and ultimately a self-respecting and respected member of society.

The circumstances which led to his being brought into contact with the Salvation Army are painful, but interesting; and throw a flood of light upon the difficulties that beset the path of the ticket-of-leave man who endeavours to get back once again to honest society. The story also shows how great is the need for work amongst discharged prisoners.

When Charles was discharged from prison he was placed with a society which was thought by the prison authorities to be well suited to his case. Weeks passed by, and his little store of money that he had begun to melt away, and as the society did not suc-



Free After Twenty Years.

ceeded in getting employment for him, Charles thought it would be well to look out for himself. He saw in the pages of a labor journal an advertisement stating that stone-cutters were required in a certain district in Cornwall. He had learned stone-cutting at Dartmoor, so he applied for and obtained work at the said quarry.

Being on license he informed the authorities at Scotland Yard of his circumstances, and was ordered to report himself to the Superintendent of Police at the town nearest the quarry at which he had obtained employment, which town we will call A. Now, although A was only situated about three miles from the village and quarry, which we will call B, the two places were in different counties. So when Charles presented himself and papers to the superintendent at A, he was informed that B was out of his jurisdiction, and that he (Charles) must report himself to the constable of that place.

Charles duly reported himself to the one constable, who composed the police force of B; but only to be informed that his papers were made out to the superintendent of A, and that he (the constable at B) could have nothing to do with him. A game of hide-and-seek and shuttlecock then commenced between A and B, Charles being the shuttlecock. At last the police superintendent at A told Charles to get lodgings, and go on with his work, and he would stand by him if inquiries were made.

But this affair was only the beginning. The villagers at B had noticed a stranger in their midst. He had been seen in company with the constable. Who was he? Whence came he? What evil had he done? These and many other questions passed through the village tiller to tatter.

Charles succeeded in getting comfortable lodgings, and was very pleased with the outlook of affairs. But during the evening a change came over the genial hostess, and he was very politely, but firmly, told that matters connected with the limits of accommodation in her house, which he thought he had successfully pe-

griated earlier in the day, now presented an insurmountable barrier to his lodging there, and he must get another place.

It was late before he succeeded in getting lodgings for the night. This was the first day.

The day following he succeeded in getting lodgings, and went to his work in the quarry. Early in the evening he retired to rest, as all good citizens should do. But before he slept he heard the voice of the village constable in the room below, enquiring in loud tones for Charles Overton. The policeman, in all the bravery of shining buttons and blue cloth, was shown upstairs to Overton's bedroom, where, in a very pompous manner, he made some trivial enquiry respecting Charles and his papers.

This occasioned much speculation amongst the household with whom Charles lived. It was thought that he was a detective.

A day or two afterwards, Charles sustained a slight accident to his wrist which prevented him working.

Then the policeman came to him again in full uniform, which is a proceeding contrary to the law, for police regulations state that if a policeman is required to visit the residence of a ticket-of-leave, he must go in private clothes. Perhaps the B constable did not know that.

This second visit convinced the good woman that her lodger was an unsavoury character, and must be got rid of at once. She did not want to have a policeman continually coming to her house.

Charles, for the second time in five days, received notice to quit.

On the Saturday he was on his way to the quarry to draw a few days' pay that was due him—his wrist would not yet permit him to work—when he met some of the men returning from the quarry, one of whom was thoughtless enough to say, "You need not go back there any more. The cap'n knows all about you, and there's no more chance of work for you there."

Charles believed it, and full of resentment at the injustice of the treatment meted out to him, refused to go



The Army to the Rescue.

near the quarry again—not even to his money.

Just fancy yourself in his place, reader. Here he was—a man who had spent nearly thirty years in prison, and well knew the difficulties that attended the well-meaning ticket-of-leave—the officious interference of detectives—the unprincipled conduct of police, who, to gratify personal spite, go to the house and tell the hosts that so-and-so who is living with them is a criminal on license—the reluctance of respectable men to work beside a man whose name was on the felons' roll. He knew all the devices by which the released criminal is hunted from pillar to post.

And was not he hunted?

At his first lodging, without any reason that he could assign, he was told to leave after being there but a few hours.

From his second lodging after a few days' residence, he had been asked to leave, and no substantial reason given. And now the men had said that he was to be turned away from his work. Is it to be wondered at that he retired to go near the quarry again?

He was now homeless, penniless, and workless. What was he to do?

About fifteen years previously Charles found Christ in a prison cell, and although he was now passing through a fiery trial his faith failed not, and he lifted his heart to God for help.

A voice seemed to say to him, "Go to the Salvation Army Captain—B boats of a nice little Army corps. He acted upon the suggestion. The Captain listened sympathetically to his story, gave him food and lodging, and communicated with the chief officer of the Social Work, who agreed to take Overton into the Prison Gate Home in London. There he stayed for several months, living an exemplary life, and giving every satisfaction. He is now occupying the position of foreman with a London tradesman.

A very pertinent question concerning Charles Overton at this juncture is: What would he have done had he the Salvation Army come to his assistance? A man with hunger gnawing at his stomach, and nowhere to sleep, it is not in a position to hold out his hand against the temptations of the evil one.

It is quite possible that some people may be inclined to cast a doubt upon Overton's story of his treatment at B, and it may be proper to say here that we have personally investigated the affair. We visited B, and conversed with those with whom he lodged, and also with the overseer of the quarry, and found Overton's story to be substantially correct. Also that all who remembered him admit that his behavior was blameless. What the good people of B were enlightened as to the character of the man who had been in their midst, a great feeling of pity for him was created, and much regret felt that he had been so treated.

We give the foregoing particulars because we shall publish some remarkable episodes in our new serial, and we would like our readers to know that where there is a possibility of their being verified, and we have no hesitation in telling them that they are safe to accept the events, when no data has been available for verification, as substantially true statements.

Look out next week for the first instalment of the new serial story entitled,

"What the Law Could Not Do."



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Is there anything on this page for you to write and tell us your difficulties? We will advise to the best of our judgment. We cannot, however, take to answer every question, there is a large variety of the world, and some may find their way into Can. reasonable questions relating to our life of our shall be happy to submit to visitors and publish their comments on this page.

### Cookery Hints

**Savoury Balls.**—Half pint bread crumbs and mashed one hard-boiled egg cut small onion chopped fine, a sprig parsley, thyme, pepper and small pieces of butter melted; together with beaten egg, 1 ball, dip in egg and breadcrumb, fry in boiling fat, or place in and bake. Serve with brown.

**Brown Gravy.**—Fry one butter a nice brown, add a little salt, stir well to prevent. Add boiling water or stock, simmer five minutes; serve.

**Crab-Apple Jelly.**—Require pounds of crab-apples, three water. Allow three-quarters pound of lump sugar to each juice. Wipe the apples clean, not peel or core them. Put in pan with the water, and let gently till they break, but do off the fire before they get into next pass them through a put the juice into a preserve boil it quickly for a quart hour, then measure it and in the given proportion, sugar has dissolved, boil it until a little "jellies" when been allowed to cool on a plate clean, dry jars, and cork cold.

**Another Way for Sour Crab Jelly.**—Cut in quarters, take and cores, cook in porcelain annealed kettle with water to cover nicely. Cook briskly one hour, then drain through bag until the juice is all out, squeeze them at all. Now to of juice add one pint granulated and boil one quart at a time drops from the spoon in a four in glasses, and it is serve when cold. It is delicious.

**For Spiced Crab-Apples.**—Peck of crab-apples, seven brown sugar, one quart vinegar, five cents worth stick mon, whole cloves, allspice meg. Boil all together; take ples and boil down juice; pour fruit and can it.

### Asked and Answered

This department is established for dealing more particularly spiritual matters, and those that belong to soldieryship Salvation Army. If you doubt about anything, Editor.

Army Friend in trouble lost one's first love for God, possible to regain it.

You may get a deeper, stronger for God than the first joyous you had in Him—a tried love which trusts when it is Sack it without delay.

A young man is anxious whether his brother, who is



FOR HUSBANDS  
AND HOUSEWIVES

Most likely the writer was illustrating the message God had given him by referring to what the readers of his day would understand, viz., the writing of sacred names and sentences on a stone, heart-shaped, which the ancient Egyptians used to put in the embalmed body of a dead person in place of the heart of flesh. There is a beautiful truth in the fact that God will, in answer to prayer, take away the unfeeling, hard heart of the sinner "dead in trespasses and sins," and replace it by a living, beating, warm heart in the "new creature in Christ Jesus."

## PLEASE NOTE.

Several things have been crowded out of this issue, including "Notes for Bandmen"; Our Weekly Interview; Gene to Glory; and the War Cry; Bombers' Honor Roll. Will the dear comrades interested in the latter understand that we leave out their names with great reluctance, as we appreciate their devotion so much.

## Missing.

## To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, without cost, as far as possible, assist wounded women and children, and make arrangements for their return. The B. Combs, 1010 Queen Street, Toronto, and make "Missing" in the newspaper. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a report of a person is received, it is desired to be furnished with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars will be made. When a person is found, the person who gave the information will be notified, and the person who gave the information will be notified. This column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## (First Insertion.)

5634. SMITH, E. J. Age 38, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, red moustache, inclined to stoop forward from shoulders. Left South Africa one year ago. Was discharged from hospital, London, Eng., in October, 1915, and supposed to have come to Canada. News wanted.

5636. COLES, JOSEPH. Age 36, married, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Missing two and a half years. News wanted.

5637. MOTH, WALTER. Age 24. Not been heard of for four and a half years; was then at Louisa Bridge, Man. Mother very anxious. News urgently wanted.

5637. WICKHAM, ERNEST EDWARD. Left England on March 1st, 1906. Last known address, Inverness, Age 40. Height 5 ft. 11 in., dark hair, grey eyes, hollow complexion, heavy dark moustache. News wanted of his whereabouts.

5630. CAMPBELL, PETER. Age 31, dark brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion, two nails of one hand missing. Has been missing now for fifteen years; was then in Montreal with his parents; but they left him there and returned to Scotland some fifteen years ago. They are very anxious to know of his whereabouts.

5631. BRYANT, SIDNEY. Single, age 23, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark hair and eyes, pale face, butcher by trade.

## (Second Insertion.)

5600. WALPOLE, THOS. Age 37, height 5 ft. 6 in., sandy moustache, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion, wireworker by trade. Has with him a child of three years. Wife will forgive all if he will return.

5637. ROGERS, MRS. J. H. (nee B. A. Dwyer). Age 30 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, dark eyes. Missing six years. Her last known address was 194 E. 10th St., Cleveland, Ohio. Her sister in Canada enquires. News urgently wanted.

5617. LYLE, MRS. JOHN (nee Kate Taylor). Age 67. When last heard of had left for either Stratford or Brantford. Sister Margaret in Ottawa, anxious. American Cry please copy.

5637. BOWES, ROBERT. Age 24, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fresh complexion. Was ship's steward. Last known address, Montreal.

5614. WEST, ABRAHAM. Age 79, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes. Missing for years. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

5613. ASKEW, MRS. FANNY, alias Condon, alias Sumnerbell. Landed in Quebec, Sept. 6th, in company with a man named Condon, who possesses hypnotic powers, and may be exercising the same over her. They may be giving spiritualistic concerts, etc. News urgently wanted.

5615. DONERHEIM, FRED. Came to this country in June last. Friends want news.

5616. ROBERTSON, MRS. EMILY. Some four and a half years ago was living somewhere in New Ontario. Friends in the Old Land want news.

5608. BRACE, THOMAS. Age 30, dark hair and complexion, grey eyes, has small-pox marks on his face. Last known address, Port Arthur.

5609. ROGERS, JOHN. Age 27, dark hair, dark eyes, and complexion. Missing thirteen years. Was then in Sandburn, Man. News wanted.

## SALVATION SONGS.

## SALVATION.

Tunes.—Evan (N.B.B. 31); Manchester (N.B.B. 47).

1 Come every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And He will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in His word.

## Chorus.

Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome  
sinners home,  
Sinner, don't delay.

For Jesus shed His precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe on Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

Come, then, and join the happy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land  
Where joys immortal flow.

Tune.—Jesus is Strong to Deliver.  
(N.B.B. 245).

2 Why are you doubting and fearing?  
Why are you still under sin?  
Have you not found that His grace  
doth abound?  
He's mighty to save, let Him in.

## Chorus.

Jesus is strong to deliver,  
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!  
Jesus is strong to deliver,  
Jesus is mighty to save.

You say, "I am weak, I am helpless,  
I've tried again and again."  
Well, this may be true, but it's not  
what you do,  
'Tis He who's the Mighty to Save!

When in the tempest, He hides me;  
When in the storm, He is near,  
All the way long He carries me on,  
And now I have nothing to fear.

## HOLINESS.

Tune.—For Ever with the Lord  
(N.B.B. 63).

3 From every stain made clean,  
From every sin set free,  
Oh, bless the Lord, this is the gift  
That Thou hast promised me.

And pressing through the past  
Of failure, fault, and fear,  
Before Thy cross my soul I cast,  
And dare to leave it there.

From Thee I would not hide  
My sin, because of fear  
What men may think; I hate my pride;  
And as I am appear—  
Just as I am, O Lord,  
Not what I'm thought to be;  
Just as I am, a struggling soul  
For life and liberty.

Tunes.—Tucker (N.B.B. 125); Christ  
for Me (N.B.B. 124).

4 Thou Christ of burning cleansing  
flame,  
Send the fire!  
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim,  
Send the fire!  
Look down and see this waiting host,  
Give us the promised Holy Ghost,  
We want another Pentecost,  
Send the fire!

God of Egan, near our cry,  
Send the fire!  
He'll make us fit to live or die,  
Send the fire!  
To burn up every trace of sin,  
To bring the light and glory in,  
The revolution now begin,  
Send the fire!

## WAR.

Tune.—With the Conquering Son  
(N.B.B. 109).

5 We are sweeping through the land,  
With the sword of God in hand,  
We are watching, and we're praying  
while we fight.  
On the wings of love we'll fly  
To the souls about to die,  
And we'll force them to behold the  
precious light.

## Chorus.

With the conquering Son of God,  
Oh, the blessed Lord of light,  
We will serve Him with our might,  
And His arm shall bring salvation to  
the poor.  
They shall lean upon His breast,  
Know the sweetness of His rest,  
Of His pardon He the vilest will as-  
sure.

## PURITY OF HEART,

## BY THE GENERAL.

This excellent little work on Holiness has been reproduced at the exceptional  
price of FIVE CENTS per copy.

## INTERESTING, HELPFUL, AND INSPIRING.

Purity: What It Is. Purity and Love. Purifying Faith.  
Purity Commanded. Purity Possible. Witnesses.  
Purity Described. Purity, God's Gift. How to Keep Pure.  
GET IT FROM YOUR OFFICER OR AT TRADE HEADQUARTERS.

## HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.

Soul-Stirring Books for the Great Holiness Campaign.

## Godliness.

BY MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.  
Cloth, 50c. Post Free, 75c.

## Perfect Love.

BY REV. J. A. WOOD.

Plain Things for those who need  
them, concerning the Doctrine,  
Experience, and Practice of  
Christian Holiness.  
Cloth, \$1.00.

## The Tongue of Fire.

BY REV. W. ARTHUR.

A Remarkable Work on the True  
Power of Christianity.  
Cloth, 50c.

## The Way of Holiness.

BY COLONEL BRENKLE.

Who is, without doubt, one of the  
best writers of the day on the  
Subject of Holiness.  
Cloth, 25c.

## Heart-Talks on

## Holiness.

BY COLONEL BRENKLE.

A welcome successor to "Helps to  
Holiness." The aim is in-  
tensely Practical.  
Paper, 15c. Cloth, 35c.

TRADE SECRETARY, Albert Street, TORONTO.

Plan of Western and  
British Columbia

## FALL COUNCILS.

THE TOUR OF  
Commissioner

AND

Mrs. Combs.

## PRINCE ALBERT.

SUNDAY, Nov. 12.—City Hall.

## WINNIPEG.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22.—Conven-  
tional and Welcome in Cit-  
adel.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23.—Councils in  
day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 24.—Soldiers'  
Council in Citadel at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25.—11 a.m., Hol-  
iness Meeting in Citadel. 3 and  
7 p.m., Dominion Theatre.  
"Shadows of the Cross" at  
night.

## BRANDON.

MONDAY, Nov. 25.—City Hall.  
"Shadows of the Cross."

## REGINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27.—City Hall.  
Welcome Meeting.

## EDMONTON.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28.—Welcome  
Meeting.

## CALGARY.

FRIDAY, Nov. 29.—Opera House.  
"Shadows of the Cross."

## NEW WESTMINSTER.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2.—3 p.m., Hol-  
iness Church.

## VANCOUVER.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2.—7 p.m., "Sha-  
dows of the Cross."

MONDAY, Dec. 3.—Officers' Coun-  
cils, morning. Opening New  
Hospital, afternoon. Immi-  
gration lecture at night in City  
Hall.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4.—Councils  
morning. Victoria at night.

## REVELSTOCK.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7.—Welcome Meet-  
ing.

## NELSON.

SUNDAY, Dec. 9.—Opera House.  
"Shadows of the Cross" at  
night.

## FERNIE.

MONDAY, Dec. 10.—Opera House.  
Welcome meeting.

Lieut. Colonel Pugmire and Adj. A.  
Morris will accompany the Com-  
missioner and Mrs. Combs.

## HOLINESS CAMPAIGN

The Special Series of Thursday  
Holiness Meetings in connection with  
the Campaign at the Temple will be  
conducted by the following leaders:

November 6—Brigadier Southall.

November 12—Lieut. Colonel Pugmire.

November 22—Brigadier Taylor.

November 28—Brigadier Howard.

December 6—Colonel Kyla.

December 15—Brigadier Collier.

December 22—COMMISSIONER

COMBS.

"For, oh!

HEAVY  
the  
The  
the  
save  
for  
the  
fit  
lighting.

The sea, also w  
where it was lat  
some over-dryin  
The shrieking  
winds resembled  
of ten thousand

The roaring of  
the cracking of  
sounded like the  
destroying mob.

Why this fierce  
part of the elem  
Away in the  
uncertain spack  
ing about on the  
waves, then fall  
heights and dis-  
trench of the sea  
ing and rocking  
murky blackness,  
ing light.

It was the m  
storm-tossed ship  
Only an oaken  
a genre of gulls  
To swallow the  
the rolling crew  
yawning sculpin  
bers the clouds  
flaming balls, an  
traction the wind  
plant strength.